Commercial

FOR BLACK MEN WHO LOVE BLACK MEN
INTIMACY AND ITS MAINTENANCE SEEM TO BE A VERY DIFFICULT TASK.
NOT ENTIRELY IMPOSSIBLE, BUT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT.
ITS ONE OF THOSE THINGS THAT MAKE YOU SAY" IN A PERFECT WORLD", BUT WERE NOT IN A PERFECT WORLD. WERE IN AMERICA ONE OF THE MOST RACIST AND HOMOPHOBIC COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD.

A SUBCULTURE OF A CULTURE, A MINORITY WITHIN A MINORITY, BOTTOM OF THE TOTEM POLE AND STILL SURVIVING.

I SAID ALL THIS, NOT TO MAKE EXCUSES FOR THE WAY WE TREAT EACH OTHER, BUT AS A REASON WHY WE SHOULD BE BETTER @ COMFORTING ONE ANOTHER. ALSO AS A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH. STRENGTH OF CONVICTIONS TO MAKE A DECISION TO MAKE A CHANGE. STICK TO IT AND THROUGH ALL OBSTACLES MAINTAIN MY IDENTITY, MY INTEGRITY AND PRIDE IN WHO AND WHAT I AM. A PROUD BLACK GAY MAN, LIVING WITH AIDS. 8/93

— FOR 2 PERSONS

COME MY BROTHER I HAVE VERY LITTLE
AND GIVE ME THAT YOU HOLD MOST DEAR YET I AM CONTENT
SIT DOWN WITH ME MY BROTHER, MY HEART IS FULL
LET US PROBE THOSE UNKNOWN PARTS OF OUR MINDS MY SOUL IS SEARCHING
RELAX WITH ME MY BROTHER SO I GIVE
LET US NOT PERPETRATE AND I RECEIVE
TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE AND STILL — ending
LOVE ME MY BROTHER WE ARE NOT COMPLETELY WHOLE
OUR FUTURES DEPEND UPON THAT ALONE
3/91
TONY DANIELS

I HAVE VERY LITTLE
YET I AM CONTENT
MY HEART IS FULL
MY SOUL IS SEARCHING
SO I GIVE/ AND I RECEIVE
AND STILL
WE ARE NOT COMPLETELY WHOLE
4/88
TONY DANIELS

ODD SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Duncan On that Saturday as I folded clothes upstairs, Israel's fate was turned about by three bullets and the fate of African American Gay writing was also turned about on itself. Turned over like pancakes flipped on a grill to singe the other side.

Malik Prime Minister Rabin was felled by an extremist faction of his own people. An assassin took Israel's Prime Minister away from his peace rally and left his wife to wonder why. A man too young to understand would steal her husband now as she sat becoming a widow. As Prime Minister Rabin stepped into eternity he may have noticed a small dark skinned attractive man slipping into the room.

Duncan On that Saturday a horrible unrelenting epidemic stole our Prime Minister of Poems. HIV/AIDS in its cowardly way weakened yet another soldier in our battle and let something else kill him. A man felled by a bullet intended not for one but a million souls. Essex Hemphill passed from this life at the hands of an assassin also.

Tony We African-American gay men need a wailing wall to catch our tears as the wall of the temple will carry tears of the Jews. We need a moment to grieve then as we realign our selves for whatever is coming next to shake us. We require a moment to yell into the night for this one who dared speak for us in truth, so powerful that none could deny his genius and gifts. We need a moment to contemplate where we will find a new scribe to attend to our history and our present. We have so much work to do while we cry, moan, wail, shake, tear, yell, convulse, despair, rant, fetch and heave from our guts this pain of loses again.

Duncan The President will not have to travel to attend to us. He will not have to make up words that will suffice for CNN. He need not even bother. We will see to our dead today. His White House is stained with the blood of too many to ask that he leave the job of cleaning to come and do what only we can do. Only we who have walked into the Dark, rich American story with another man on our arm can do this. Only those of us who have loved a man and sang of it from our souls can funeral this brother. Only gay Black men whose tongues are untied can do what must be done.

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SECTION#1

1. in the life----ADODI MUSE& GUEST
2. the occupied territories---QUEEN
3. Black machismo---tony daniels
4. Le Salon--- Malik Williams
5. for my own protection---tony daniels
6. commitments---Malik Williams

SECTION#2

1. civil servant---QUEEN
2. soft target---SHARON CROSBY
3. homocide---QUEEN
4. to some supposed brothers---SHARON CROSBY

SECTION#3

family jewels----tony daniels
2.cordon negro---SHARON CROSBY
3.i want to talk about you---Malik Williams

SECTION#4

1. rights and permissions---tony daniels
2. if his name were mandingo----SHARON CROSBY
3. now we think--TONY/DUNCAN/MALIK
4. under certain circumstances----QUEEN
5. Black beans----Malik
6. when my brother fell--ADODI MUSE &GUEST

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so now who picks upthe pieces?

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IN THE LIFE

Mother, do you know Malik
I roam alone at night?
I wear colognes,
tight pants, and Tony
chains of gold,
as I search
for men willing Malik
to come back
to candlelight.

I'm not scared of these men Tony
though some are killers
of sons like me. I learned
there is no tender mercy
for men of color, Malik
for sons who love men
like me.

Do not feel shame for how I live.
I chose this tribe
of warriors and outlaws.
Do not feel you failed Queen
some test of motherhood.
My life has borne fruit
no woman could have given me
anyway.

If one of these thick-lipped,
wet, black nights

while I'm out walking,
I find freedom in this village.
If I can take it with my tribe
I'll bring you here. ⟶ Sharon
And you will never notice
the absence of rice
and bridesmaids.

THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES

You are not to touch yourself
in any way
or be familiar with ecstasy.
You are not to touch
anyone of your own sex
or outside of your race
then talk about it,
photograph it, write it down
in explicit details, or paint it
red, orange, blue, or dance
in honor of its power, dance
for its beauty, dance
because it's yours.

You are not to touch other flesh
without a police permit.
You have no privacy—
the State wants to seize your bed
and sleep with you.
The State wants to control
your sexuality, your birth rate,
your passion.
The message is clear:
your penis, your vagina,
your testicles, your womb,
your anus, your orgasm,
these belong to the State.

You are not to touch yourself
or be familiar with ecstasy.
The erogenous zones
are not demilitarized.

BLACK MACHISMO

Metaphorically speaking
his black dick is so big
when it stands up erect
it silences
the sound of his voice.
It obscures his view
of the territory, his history,
the cosmology of his identity
is rendered invisible.

When his big black dick
is not erect
it drags behind him,
a heavy, obtuse thing,
his balls and chains
clattering, making
so much noise
I cannot hear him
even if I want to listen.

LE SALON

Lowering my pants
before another mouth;
the cheap movie reel
rattles in its compartment
while the silent color movie
for a quarter
grinds around and around.
We pant in a dark booth.
The musk of hair
burns our nostrils.
I moan as his mouth
swallows me.
This is the first sound
in this silent movie.
Then he moans
giving the movie
its dialogue.

FOR MY OWN PROTECTION

I want to start
an organization
to save my life.
If whales, snails,
dogs, cats,
Chrysler, and Nixon
can be saved,
the lives of Black men
are priceless
and can be saved.
We should be able
to save each other.
I don't want to wait
for the Heritage Foundation
to release a study
stating Black men
are almost extinct.
I don't want to be
the living dead
pacified with drugs
and sex.

If a human chain
can be formed
around missile sites,
then surely Black men
can form human chains
around Anacostia, Harlem,

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around Anacostia, Harlem,

South Africa, Wall Street,
Hollywood, each other.

If we have to take tomorrow
with our blood are we ready?
Do our S curls,
dreadlocks, and Phillies
make us any more ready
than a bush or conkaline?
I'm not concerned
about the attire of a soldier.
All I want to know
for my own protection
is are we capable
of whatever,
whenever?

COMMITMENTS

I will always be there.
When the silence is exhumed.
When the photographs are examined
I will be pictured smiling
among siblings, parents,
nieces and nephews.

In the background of the photographs
the hazy smoke of barbecue,
a checkered red and white tablecloth
laden with blackened chicken,
glistening ribs, paper plates,
bottles of beer and pop.

In the photos
the smallest children
are held by their parents.
My arms are empty, or around
the shoulders of unsuspecting aunts
expecting to throw rice at me someday.

Or picture tinsel, candles,
ornamented, imitation trees,
or another table, this one
set for Thanksgiving,
a turkey steaming the lens.

My arms are empty
in those photos, too,

so empty they would break
around a lover.

I am always there
for critical emergencies,
graduations,
the middle of the night.

I am the invisible son.
In the family photos
nothing appears out of character.
I smile as I serve my duty.

CIVIL SERVANT

FOR NURSE EUNICE RIVERS

I could perform my job no other way:
obey instructions or be dismissed,
which would end my nursing career.
I was a Colored nurse,
special, one of few.
I didn't question the authority
the government doctors exercised over me.
Their control of life and death
and my sense of duty and responsibility
were parallel and reciprocating.
My father, Tuskegee Institute, and Dr. Dibble
had trained me to obey
the instructions of white men,
and all men.
I didn't talk back,
raise my voice in protest,
or demand the doctors save the men.
It wasn't my place to diagnose,
prescribe, or agitate.

When the doctors told me
to prevent the men
from getting treatment elsewhere,
I did. I supplied their names
to all county health officials.
They agreed to withhold treatment
even after penicillin was discovered
to be an effective cure for bad blood.

■ ■ ■

The government doctors
viewed the men
as syphilis experiments.
I troubled myself
to remember their names.
I visited their homes
between annual checkups
to listen to their hearts
and feel their pulses.
They had aches and pains
and complaints too numerous to name,
but I soothed them. I tried.
I gave them spring tonic
for their blood.
I couldn't give them medicine.
I tried to care for everyone
including the women,
the old folks, and children.
I became an adopted member
of many of the families I visited.
I ate at their tables,
sat at their sickbeds,
mourned at their funerals.
I married one of their sons.

I never thought my duty
damned the men.
They were sick with bad blood,
but I thought they were lucky.
Most Colored folks in Macon
went from cradle to grave
without ever visiting a doctor.
The ones with bad blood were envied
because they received free

medical attention, food,
and rides to the health sites
come checkup time.

As the men died, I wept
with their wives and families.
I was there to comfort them,
to offer fifty dollars
if they let the doctors
"operate"—
cut open the deceased
from scrotum sack to skull.
They were usually horrified
by my offer,
fearing disfigurement
or the courting of blasphemy.
I assured them no one would know
that their hearts and brains
had been removed.
I suggested fifty dollars
could cover burial costs
and buy unexpected food
and clothes.

I never thought my silence
a symptom of bad blood.
I never considered my care complicity.
I was a Colored nurse, a proud
graduate of Tuskegee Institute,
one of few, honored by my profession.
I had orders, important duties,
a government career.

SOFT TARGETS

FOR BLACK GIRLS

He was arrested and detained
for nailing Barbie doll heads
to telephone poles.

He was beaten
while in custody, accused
of defacing public property.

After healing, he resumed
his irreverent campaign,
this outlawed spook terrorist
continued hammering horse nails

through Barbie heads
and setting them aflame.

Barbie never told Black girls
they are beautiful.

She never acknowledged
their breathtaking Negritude.

She never told them
to possess their own souls.

They were merely shadows
clutching the edges of her mirror.

▪ ▪ ▪

Barbie never told Black girls
they are beautiful,

not in the ghetto evenings
after double dutch,

nor in the integrated suburbs,
after ballet class.

HOMOCIDE

FOR RONALD GIBSON

Grief is not apparel.
Not like a dress, a wig
or my sister's high-heeled shoes.
It is darker than the man I love
who in my fantasies comes for me
in a silver, six-cylinder chariot.
I walk the waterfront/curbsides
in my sister's high-heeled shoes.
Dreaming of him, his name
still unknown to my tongue.
While I wait
for my prince to come
from every other man
I demand pay for my kisses.
I buy paint for my lips.
Stockings for my legs.
My own high-heeled slippers
and dresses that become me.
When he comes,
I know I must be beautiful.
I will know how to love his body.
Standing out here
on the waterfront/curbsides
I have learned to please
a man.
He will bring me flowers.
He will bring me silk
and jewels, I know.
While I wait,

I'm the only man who loves me.
They call me "Star"
because I listen
to their dreams and wishes.
But grief is darker.
It is a wig
that does not rest gently
on my head.

HOMOCIDE

TO SOME SUPPOSED BROTHERS

You judge a woman
by the length of her skirt,
by the way she walks,
talks, looks, and acts;
by the color of her skin you judge
and will call her "Bitch!"
"Black bitch!"
if she doesn't answer your:
"Hey baby, whatcha gonna say
to a man."

You judge a woman
by the job she holds,
by the number of children she's had,
by the number of digits on her check,
by the many men she may have lain with
and wonder what jive murphy
you'll run on her this time.

You tell a woman
every poetic love line
you can think of,
then like the desperate needle
of a strung out junkie
you plunge into her veins,
travel wildly through her blood,
confuse her mind, make her hate,
and be cold to the men to come,

destroying the thread of calm
she held.

You judge a woman
by what she can do for you alone
but there's no need
for slaves to have slaves.

You judge a woman
by impressions you think you've made.
Ask and she gives,
take without asking,
beat on her and she'll obey,
throw her name up and down the streets
like some loose whistle—
knowing her neighbors will talk.
Her friends will chew her name.
Her family's blood will run loose
like a broken creek.
And when you're gone,
a woman is left
healing her wounds alone.

But we so-called men,
we so-called brothers
wonder why it's so hard
to love *our* women
when we're about loving them
the way america
loves us.

Family Jewels

for Washington D.C.

I live in a town
where pretense and bone structure
prevail as credentials
of status and beauty.
A town bewitched
by mirrors, horoscopes
and corruption.

I intrude on this nightmare.
Arm outstretched from curbside.
I'm not pointing to Zimbabwe.
I want a cab
to take me to Southeast
so I can visit my mother.
I'm not ashamed to cross
the bridge that takes me there.

No matter where I live
or what I wear
the cabs speed by.
Or they suddenly brake
a few feet away
spewing fumes in my face
to serve a fair skinned fare.
I live in a town
where everyone is afraid
of the dark.
I stand my ground unarmed
facing a mounting disrespect,
a diminishing patience,
a need for defense.

In passing headlights
I appear to be a criminal.
I'm a weird looking muthafucka.
Shaggy green hair sprouts all over me.
My shoulders hunch and bulge. I growl
as blood drips from my glinting fangs.

My mother's flowers are wilting
while I wait.
Our dinner
is cold by now.

I live in a town
where pretense and structure
are devices of cruelty.
A town bewitched
by mirrors, horoscopes
and blood.

CORDON NEGRO

I drink champagne early in the morning
instead of leaving my house
with an M16 and nowhere to go.

I die twice as fast
as any other American
between eighteen and thirty-five.
This disturbs me,
but I try not to show it in public.

Each morning I open my eyes is a miracle.
The blessing of opening them
is temporary on any given day.
I could be taken out,
I could go off,
I could forget to be careful.
Even my brothers, hunted, hunt me.
I'm the only one who values my life
and sometimes I don't give a damn.

My love life can kill me.
I'm faced daily with choosing violence
or a demeanor that saves every other life
but my own.

I won't cross over.
It's time someone came to me
not to patronize me physically,
sexually or humorously.

I'm sick of being an endangered species,
sick of being a goddamn statistic.
So what are my choices?

I could leave with no intention
of coming home tonight,
go crazy downtown and raise hell
on a rooftop with my rifle.
I could live for a brief moment
on the six o'clock news,
or masquerade another day
through the corridors of commerce
and American dreams.

I'm dying twice as fast
as any other American.
So I pour myself a glass of champagne,
I cut it with a drop of orange juice.

After I swallow my liquid Valium,
my private celebration
for being alive this morning,
I leave my shelter,
I guard my life with no apologies.
My concerns are small
and personal.

I WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOU

Wizards. All of them. Wizards.
Gravel in their throats.
Worrying the line.
Horn to bleeding lips.
Fingers thrashing white keys
cascading black.
Wizards of impulse and verve,
blizzard blowing wizards blowing
blue-red-bright-black-blow-ing
a capella saxophones.
Scat wizards trans-
muting anguish
into bird songs.

Soul boys who found freedom
in the pedals and sticks
of their instruments,
who took freedom,
putting out in jook joints
and dance halls,
putting up on
chicken-bone buses
'cross country
that kept on going
through cracker towns,
'cause there was no place
for a busload
of Colored musicians
to stop.

■ ■ ■

This was before Martin dreamed,
before panthers stalked,
before fire spoke eloquently
like our trumpeters.

Gardenias, trains, cannonballs,
anything we needed
they became.
They were wizards.
We were in love and trouble.
We wanted salt peanuts,
pennies from heaven,
a love supreme,
a love supreme.

Sometimes I hold
my warm seed
up to my mouth
very close
to my parched lips
and whisper
"I'm sorry,"
before I turn my hand
over the toilet
and listen to the seed
splash into the water.

I rinse what remains
down the drain,
dry my hands—
they return
to their tasks
as if nothing
out of place
has occurred.

I go on being,
wearing my shirts
and trousers,
voting, praying,
paying rent,
pissing in public,
cussing cabs,
fussing with utilities.

What I learn
as age advances,
relentless pillager,
is that we shrink
inside our shirts
and trousers,
or we spread
beyond the seams.
The hair we cherished
disappears.

Sometimes I hold
my warm seed
up to my mouth
and kiss it.

IF HIS NAME WERE MANDINGO

He speaks good damn English to me.
I'm his brother, Carver.
He doesn't speak
that "dis" and "dat" bull
I've seen quoted.
Every word he speaks
rings clear in my head.
I don't suppose you ever
hear him clearly?
You're always busy,
seeking other things of him.
His name isn't important.
It would be coincidence
if he had a name,
a face, a mind.
If he's not hard-on
then he's hard up
and either way
you watch him.
You want crossover music.
You want his pleasure
without guilt or capture.
You don't notice
many things about him.
He doesn't always
wear a red ski cap,
eat fried chicken,
fuck like a jungle.
He doesn't always

live with his mother,
or off the street,
or off some bitch as you assume.
You give the appearance of concern.
You offer him twenty dollars
telling him it's cabfare
and discharge him from your home.
Your paths cross the next day.
You don't acknowledge him,
but he remembers,
his seed dilutes in your blood.
He doesn't dance well,
but you don't notice.
He's only visible
in the dark
to you.

NOW WE THINK

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut
might kill us.
There might be
a pin-sized hole
in the condom.
A lethal leak.

We stop kissing
tall dark strangers,
sucking mustaches,
putting lips
tongues
everywhere.
We return to pictures.
Telephones.
Toys.
Recent lovers.
Private lives.

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut might kill.
This kiss could turn
to stone.

UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES

I am lonely for past kisses,
for wild lips certain streets
breed for pleasure.
Romance is a foxhole.
This kind of war frightens me.
I don't want to die
sleeping with soldiers
I don't love.

I want to court outside the race,
outside the class, outside the attitudes—
but love is a dangerous word
in this small town.
Those who seek it are sometimes found
facedown floating on their beds.
Those who find it protect it
or destroy it from within.

But the disillusioned—
those who've lost the stardust,
the moondance, the waterfront;
like them, I long for my past.
When I was ten, thirteen, twenty—
I wanted candy, five dollars, a ride.

to catch [illegible]
like a city,
a phoenix,
a pyromantic.

Black Beans

Times are lean
Pretty Baby,
the beans are burnt
to the bottom
of the battered pot.
Let's make fierce love
on the overstuffed
hand-me-down sofa.
We can burn it up, too.
Our hungers will evaporate
like money.
I smell your lust,
not the pot burnt black
with tonight's meager meal.
So we can't buy flowers for our table.
Our kisses are petals,
our tongues caress the bloom.
Who dares to tell us
we are poor and powerless?
We keep treasure
any king would count as dear.

Come on, Pretty Baby.
Our souls can't be crushed
like cats crossing streets too soon.
Let the beans burn all night long.
Our chipped water glasses are filled
with wine from our loving.
And the burnt black beans –
caviar.

not merely commodities

WHEN MY BROTHER FELL

FOR JOSEPH BEAM

When my brother fell
I picked up his weapons
and never once questioned
whether I could carry
the weight and grief,
the responsibility he shouldered.
I never questioned
whether I could aim
or be as precise as he.
He had fallen,
and the passing ceremonies
marking his death
did not stop the war.

Queen

Standing at the front lines
flanked by able brothers
who miss his eloquent courage,
his insistent voice
urging us to rebel,
urging us to not fear embracing
for more than sex,
for more than kisses
and notches in our belts.

Malik

Our loss is greater
than all the space
we fill with prayers
and praise.

Queen

and strategic coalitions,
I realize sewing quilts
will not bring you back
nor save us.

Sharon

It's too soon
to make monuments
for all we are losing,
for the lack of truth
as to why we are dying,
who wants us dead,
what purpose does it serve?

Tony

When my brother fell
I picked up his weapons.
I didn't question
whether I could aim
or be as precise as he.
A needle and thread
were not among
his things
I found.

Queen/Malik

Tony/Sharon

All

from the essay "does your mama know about me"

I ask you brother:. does your mama really know about you? does she really know what i am? does she know I want to love her son, care for him, nurture and celebrate him? do you think she'll understand? I hope so because I am coming home. there is no place to go that will be worth so much effort and love.

IN THE LIFE *---ADODI MUSE & GUEST

from:if freud had been a neurotic colored woman;
reading dr. FRANCES CRESS WELSING

I would discover that homo sex did not constitute a whole life nor did it negate my racial identy or constitute a substansive reason to be estranged from my family and Black culture. I discovered too, that the work ahead for me included, most importantly, being able to integrate all of my identies into a functioning self, instead of acceeoting a dysfunctional existence as the consequences of my homosexual desires.
THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES-----QUEEN

Essex responds to RACISM in the gay community;
on robert mapplethorpes photography

though his images may be technically and esthetically well- composed, his works artistically perpetuate racial sterotypes constructed around sexuality and desire.
in many of his images, Black males are only shown as parts of the anatomy- gentials, chest , buttocks-close up and cropped to elicit desire.
Mapplethropes conscious determination that the faces, the heads, and by extensions, the minds and experiences of some of his Black subjects are not as important as close-up shots of their cocks. the penis becomes the identity of the Black male, which is the classic racist sterotype recreated and presented as ART in the context of a gay vision.
Black Machismo--TONY DANIELS
Black gay men are not immune to the desire elicited by his photos, we too, are drawn to the inherent erotism.
LE SALON**--MALIK WILLIAMS

from the essay "does your mama know about me"

I ask you brother:. does your mama really know about you? does she really know what i am? does she know I want to love her son,care for him, nurture and celebrate him? do you think she'll understand? I hope so because I am coming home. there is no place to go that will be worth so much effort and love.

IN THE LIFE *---ADODI MUSE & GUEST

from:if freud had been a neurotic colored woman; reading dr. FRANCES CRESS WELSING

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LE SALON**--MALIK WILLIAMS

I Have Come Into The City

Sonya Sanchez

i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
amid rumors of death
calling out to everyone who would listen
it is time to move us all into another century
time for freedom and racial and sexual
justice
time for women and children and men , time
for hands unbound
i had come into the city wearing peaceful breast
and the spaces between us smiled ,
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes

and they followed us in their cars with their computers
and their tongues crawled with caterpillars
and they bumped us off the road. turned over our cars,
and they bombed our building. killed our babies,
and they slaughtered our doctors
maintaining our bodies
and their courts changed into confessionals
but we kept on organizing we kept on
teaching believing
loving doing what was holy moving to a
higher ground
even though our hands were full of
slaughtered truth
but we had our eyes delirious with grace
but we had our eyes delirious with grace

come, i say come, you sitting still in domestic bacteria
come, i say come, you standing still in double
breasted mornings
come, i say come, and return to the fight
this fight for the earth
this fight for our children

this fight for our life
we need your hurricane voices
we need your sacred hands

i say, come, sister, brother to the battlefield
come into the rain forests
come into the 'hood, come into the barrios
come into the schools, come into the abortion clinics
come into the prisons, come caress our spines

i say, come, wrap, your feet around justice
i say, come, wrap, your tongues around truth
i say, come, wrap your hands with deeds and prayers
you brown ones, you yellow ones,
you black ones, you gay ones, you white ones,
you lesbian ones

Come come come come come to this battlefield
called life, called life, called life....

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Paul Laurence Dunbar

……

WE WEAR THE MASK

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes, —
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

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SECTION#1
1. in the life----ADODI MUSE& GUEST
2. the occupied territories---QUEEN
3. Black machismo---tony daniels
4.Le Salon--- Malik Williams
5. for my own protection---tony daniels
6. commitments---Malik Williams

SECTION#2
1.civil servant---QUEEN
2.soft target---SHARON CROSBY
3.homocide---QUEEN
4.to some supposed brothers---SHARON CROSBY

SECTION#3
family jewels----tony daniels
2.cordon negro---SHARON CROSBY
3.i want to talk about you---Malik Williams

SECTION#4
1.rights and permissions---tony daniels
2. if his name were mandingo----SHARON CROSBY
3.now we think--TONY/DUNCAN/MALIK
4.under certain circumstances----QUEEN
5.Black beans----Malik
6.when my brother fell--ADODI MUSE &GUEST

-

-

-

-

so now who picks upthe pieces?

ODD SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Duncan On that Saturday as I folded clothes upstairs, Israel's fate was turned about by three bullets and the fate of African American Gay writing was also turned about on itself. Turned over like pancakes flipped on a grill to singe the other side.

Malik Prime Minister Rabin was felled by an extremist faction of his own people. An assassin took Israel's Prime Minister away from his peace rally and left his wife to wonder why. A man too young to understand would steal her husband now as she sat becoming a widow. As Prime Minister Rabin stepped into eternity he may have noticed a small dark skinned attractive man slipping into the room.

Duncan On that Saturday a horrible unrelenting epidemic stole our Prime Minister of Poems. HIV/AIDS in its cowardly way weakened yet another soldier in our battle and let something else kill him. A man felled by a bullet intended not for one but a million souls. Essex Hemphill passed from this life at the hands of an assassin also.

Tony We African-American gay men need a wailing wall to catch our tears as the wall of the temple will carry tears of the Jews. We need a moment to grieve the as we realign our selves for whatever is coming next to shake us. We require a moment to yell into the night for this one who dared speak for us in truth, so powerful that none could deny his genius and gifts. We need a moment to contemplate where we will find a new scribe to attend to our history and our present. We have so much work to do while we cry, moan, wail, shake, tear, yell, convulse, despair, rant, fetch and heave from our guts this pain of loses again.

Duncan The President will not have to travel to attend to us. He will not have to make up words that will suffice for CNN. He need not even bother. We will see to our dead today. His White House is stained with the blood of too many to ask that he leave the job of cleaning to come and do what only we can do. Only we who have walked into the Dark, rich American story with another man on our arm can do this. Only those of us who have loved a man and sang of it from our souls can funeral this brother. Only gay Black men whose tongues are untied can do what must be done.

copy 3

Lance Jeffers

D M T

WHEN I KNOW | THE POWER | OF MY BLACK HAND

Duncan { I do not know | the power of my hand, — Tony
I do not know | the power of my black hand. — Malik

D I sit slumped | in the conviction that I am powerless, M
T tolerate ceilings that make me bend.
T My godly mind stoops, | my ambition is crippled; D
D I do not know | the power of my hand. M/T

D I see my children | stunted, T
D my young men | slaughtered, M
D I do not know | the mighty power of my hand. M/T

D I see the power | over my life and death | in M T
T another man's hands, | and sometimes D
D I shake | my woolly head and wonder: T

M *Lord have mercy! What would it be like . . . to be free?*

All But when I know | the mighty power | of my black hand T/M T
T I will snatch my freedom from the tyrant's mouth,
M know the first taste of freedom on my eager tongue,
D sing the miracle of freedom | with all the force M
M of my lungs,
T/M christen my black land with exuberant creation,
T stand independent in the hall of nations,
D root submission and dependence from the soil of my soul
M and pitch the monument of slavery from my back | when D
D I know | the mighty power | of my hand! M T

Duncan E. Teague
206 Flora Ave. N. E.,
Atl. GA 30307

Prayer to Her

as the Moon, She brings the blue water to the shore
Bring tides of Peace too my soul
Love, If you bring stars to the blacksea nights
Bring joy, *tingling joy* to my heart
Sunrae, You, who burns the beach, dries the *sugar* sand
Fire the coals that lie deep in my breast
As You Nameless Timeless Womyn who keeps us searching
through the endless, landless wake
for the little Sisters of Truthes
Lead me down the beach till we reach the place where the waters
begin again

“ON ALL FOURS”

#1

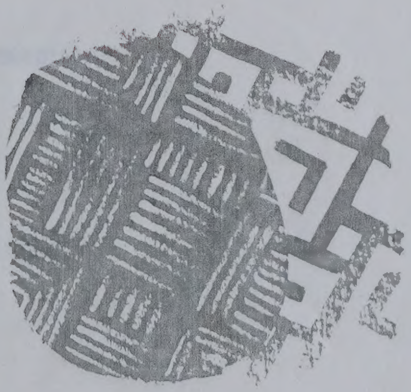
I keep wondering, why?
And I know I have the answer
I’m on all fours
And I’m sure, I’ve been here before
this funk, this intoxicating aroma,
this sweet temptation
that lies between your thighs
I keep wondering who you are
And I know it’s not a priority
Long, tall, thick, strong, saint, or sinner
This time, this place, this passion
That exist between us
This taste that lingers this feeling
That has me reeling
This uncontrollable desire
To let you feel the pressure of my thighs
Wrapped around your body
Feet on your chest
Your breath smacking me between my eyes
Hearts racing, blood boiling
Vision blurring, and I I I I
I keep wondering why
I’m on all fours
I keep wondering who you are
And I know it’s not a priority

D- Duncan
T- Tony
M- Malik

Jayne Cortez

PRAY FOR THE LOVERS

→ Pray for the lovers – D
for those who are suspicious T
for those who are jealous M
for those who are revengeful T
→ Pray for the lovers – D
for those who are unsatisfied for M
those who are frightened for T
those who are disappointed M
→ pray for those who are lonely lazy & limited T
→ Pray for the lovers
for those unwilling to reveal & unable to revolt M
for those who are helpless T
those who are hostile M
for those whose flesh goes dead upon touching T
→ the frigid
→ the passive } D
→ the latent
→ the soft – D
have mercy on the lovers in heat M
→ pray for those with pain in their bodies D
pain in their minds T
for sorrow M
for fear & T
the spell of madness after love says goodby M
→ Pray for the lovers in the name of love D
in the name of god &
the mirror of death T
love in the name of some rollin hips M
those churning lips & the blood T
that drips incest to M
incest T
1 → all power to the lovers in the name of love } D
2 all power to the lovers in the name of love } DT
3 all power to the lovers in the name of love } DTM



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Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.636.5147

READING ESSEX AT THE AIRPORT

Standing in line
at the grocery store
the drug store
or like today
in line at the airport
With or without my lover
Reading the wrong book
saying things someone might overhear
I ask myself
why I care
whose reaction I fear
I search the faces
of those queued up in front
beside and behind
the overstuffed white businessman
the too-tan Jewish American Princess
the studious and beautiful Japanese girl
even the brother in military green
do not move or discourage me

It is the sister reading E. Lynn Harris
the mother eyeing me as her own son
the grandmother smiling
as if I were the hope of her generation
Their eyes I cannot meet
Their censorship inhibits me
even as my eyes make contact
with a brother
attempting to make contact with me

In the name of my mother
I shun all advances
adopt a cool pose
and hope to end my journey swiftly
to once again be
among my people

My people
are not
these mothers, sisters, grandmothers
who hold power
who birthed me
held me, shaped me
reared me

Malik M.L. Williams
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to the disappointment I now avoid ← clarify

Their eyes hold hope and promise
and expectation
beyond my ability
or willingness to fulfill
Their eyes only see me
with their daughters, nieces, girlfriends
or themselves
I refuse them
the view of who I truly am
Their eyes will not see me
embraced by brothers, sons
or other enemies of their perpetuation

what do these ♀ look like
what do these ♀ look like

Standing here,
waiting to head home
to my people
my family
all the children that await

I avoid the eyes of the women
who do not know me
and of the men
who know me at a glance
I slip Ceremonies
back into my bag
to wait
for a more appropriate place
to be myself
to be free
from the eyes that judge
and discourage
my love

↓ more of what it feels like

NOW WE THINK

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut
might kill us.
There might be
a pin-sized hole
in the condom.
A lethal leak.

We stop kissing
tall dark strangers,
sucking mustaches,
putting lips
tongues
everywhere.
We return to pictures.
Telephones.
Toys.
Recent lovers.
Private lives.

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut might kill.
This kiss could turn
to stone.

OH FREEDOM
(TRADITIONAL)

Duncan E. Teague
206 Flora Avenue NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30303 Tel. 404.653.0935

June 7, 1995

An amazing beauty
Picture of a White Boy asleep
Lying in the flush of pink skin
Peaceful with their almost lips pouted
Lying vulnerable, warm, breathing lightly then heavily

Like the Baby Butch on the bus
Pressed against the sunny side window
Barely in motion
Beaming light slicing his round face in stripes
My gaze lasting almost too long out in public

When I began to see that he could lie
This asleep forever never grow older
Miss his stop
I understood the turning of my soul
I must wake him, wake him now

I through the standing passengers pushed
I got to his bed
Stared the seat mate up and out of my way
Let me to my soul's obligation
Sleeping one,
A little warmer the bus becomes as I sit
Streaming light and shadow over he and I
It belabors me to breathe sitting so close to Desire

The women reading, the talking tourist, the retired men of little consequence
And my Angel asleep
I will risk everything
Must touch pink shoulders slouched on vinyl piping in graffitied seat
Twist relax, turned a bit, relax
My hairless sleeved arm is more comfortable
Arm lay on seat as a headrest to Desire

Needles of brown blondish buzzcut roll and press my shoulder
swaying right and then left
My breathe escapes
Moans low in the hearth tickle my ear
Closer to my chin, the pink unshaven chin nears

Amber hued shoulder pillow for him
Thigh to thigh, I scream inside aloud
Who.
Draw all men unto me
Lift the Savior up
Draw all men unto me
If I be...
Sleeping fingers find my nipple
My breathe runs and makes a quick turn

June 7, 1995

Duncan E. Teague
206 Flora Avenue NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30303 Tel. 404.653.0935

Vibrating bus jostling my kind, resting Desire
Middle aged domestic judges clutch purses and mumble
Upturned faces at the sight
I paid to ride to Heaven
I smile, with one corner only

Desire is upon my chest
My unbuttoned shirt falls open
Dreaming he suckles as an hungry infant
Pink lips parted, white gleaming teeth to brown ruby faucet
Soul poring out to wet mouth
Inhale deeply the fumes and sweaty smell to live

Help
Lift him up.

Desire is awake!

Mari Evans

……

WHO CAN BE BORN BLACK

Who
can be born black
and not
sing
the wonder of it
the joy
the
challenge

And/to come together
in a coming togetherness
vibrating with the fires of pure knowing
reeling with power
ringing with the sound above sound above sound
to explode/in the majesty of our oneness
our comingtogether
in a comingtogetherness

Who
can be born
black
and not exult!

Love Letter #64

1

Over my head your balls
rest dangling above
my lips, in silence you
wait to have them

kissed, caressed by a tongue
so warm, fleeced like a
fox's fur. descend, descend into
my mouth, o love's infernal.

2

Comfort and ease, the figure
across my bed. you sigh
with deep exhausting breaths as
if reliving the night before

when all was tossed and wrestled
on a convoluted field
where everyone is captive
or victor or slave.

Gay Spirit Vision

presents

Adodi Muse

An Outsiders Collective™

Poetry by Author

*

Shaman Song ....James Broughton

*

Love Poem #64 ....Carl Cook

*

Cum 4 Me...Tony Daniels
Fucked for Life.....................................Tony Daniels
I Wanted You In My Life Forever....................Tony Daniels
Oh Please..Tony Daniels
The River..Tony Daniels
When Cain Killed Abel..............................Tony Daniels

*

Now We Think ....Essex Hemphil

*

Spirit...............................Duncan Teague

*

Introduction

They were in reduced circumstances, yes; and the world (they thought) had grown hard and old and desperately ordinary; but they were descended from a race of bards and heroes, and there had once been an age of gold, and the earth around them was all alive and densely populated, though the present times were too coarse to see it. They had all gone to sleep, as children, to those stories: and later they courted with them; and told them to their own children.
John Crowley, *Little Big*

(Three spirits bring out the cloth and unfold it. After it is unfolded they sit, evenly spaced around it.)

Dandelion: In the beginning there was a great void and the void was called Possibility. First the spring of life poured into the void and the water turned to ice. Then the fire of life burned apon the ice and the ice melted to form a great sea. The breath of life blew over the waters and a giant androgyne rose up from the water and walked on the sea and it's name was Ymir, the two fold. but all things in creation must balance. Ymir embodied goodness and order so a band of giants rose out of the sea to oppose him and they were Disorder and Evil. The giants killed Ymir and his body floated on the surface of the water. The god Thor came down from the sky and set the world serpent around the body to protect it, banishing Evil and Disorder to the depths. Thor struck the chest of the giant and the body became the land. Out of the center of the land rose three spirits, who wondered across it from end to end creating all forms of life.

(Three spirits begin circling the mandala, sprinkling confetti)

Four directions recite in turn:
E: I am the Wind of the Sea.
S: I am the Wave of the Sea
W: I am the Sound of the Sea
N: I am the Stag of seven tines
E: I am the Hawk on the cliff
S: I am a Dewdrop in the sun
W: I am the fairest of fair Flowers
N: I am the raging Boar
E: I am the Salmon in a pool
S: I am a Lake on a firtle plain.
W: I am the Spear that roars for blood
N: I am the God of Inspiring Fire.
(One of the Spirits goes to the side and brings back the plant, setting it in the center of the circle. The other two anoint it with confetti.)

Dandelion: When the spirits returned to the center of the Land, Yigdrasil, the world tree sprang up from that place. It's roots spread deep through the earth and it's branches spread far into the sky and the Earth and the Heavens became one.
The Spirits broke two branches off of the tree and breathed life into them and these became the first man and woman. They looked over the land and gave thanks to the Gods for the bountiful world in which they lived.

East: Hail to the Spirits of the East. Blessed is the Gate of the Sun. Blessed is the morning of a new day. Blessed is the Springtime when the land awakens and life begins.

South: Hail to the Spirits of the South. Blessed is the summer wind, breathing life into the Land. Blessed is the day and all that we do in it. Blessed is the Summer time and all the crops that grow.

West: Hail to the Spirits of the West. Blessed is the House of Sister Moon. Blessed is the eventide, time of rest and contemplation. Blessed is the Autumn and the harvest that it brings.

North: Hail to the Spirits of the North. Blessed are the winter rains that quench the thirsty land. Blessed is the Night and the sleep that brings strength and new life. Blessed is the Winter time and the killing frost making way for life to begin again.

This is the song that we have sung for thousands of years beyond counting. And now we remember and honor the Ancestors and Elders who have gone before us.

SPRING THING

SHAMAN SONG	DUNCAN/THE MUSE
THE RIVER (Wade In The Water)	MALIK/THE MUSE
SPIRIT (Chant)	THE MUSE
FUCKED FOR LIFE	TONY/DUNCAN
WHEN CAIN KILLED ABEL	MALIK/TONY
NOW WE THINK (Essex Hemphill)	THE MUSE
PRAYER (Love Poem #64)	DUNCAN/THE MUSE
OH, PLEASE	TONY
I WANTED YOU IN MY LIFE FOREVER	MALIK
CUM 4 ME	DUNCAN

SPRING TING
GAY SPIRIT VISIONS
"EMPOWERING THE ELDER WITHIN"
SATURDAY APRIL 6,1996
9:00AM @ THE FRIENDS MEETING HOUSE
HOWARD AVENUE IN DECATUR

OPENING LIBATION/MANDALA

WE GIVE THANKS TO THE CREATOR FOR THE WONDERFUL GIFT OF SEXUALITY (ASHE)
WE GIVE PRAISES TO THE ELDER WITHIN FOR THE FREEDOM TO EXPRESS IT (ASHE)
WE THANK WHATEVER GODESS' THERE MIGHT BE FOR THEIR CONSTANT PRESENCE IN OUR LIVES (ASHE)
IN ANY AND ALL THAT WE DO--- FROM BIRTH, THROUGH ORGASM, UNTIL DEATH,WE GIVE THE HIGHEST PRAISE,HALAEUJIAH!!!(ASHE)
FROM THE TOPS OF OUR HEADS TO THE SOULS OF OUR FEET, WE ACKNOWDLGE THAT WE ARE SPIRITUAL BEINGS, HOUSED IN A TEMPLE OF FLESH,
PERFECT IN OUR INCEPTION,WHOLE AND COMPLETE,LIVING EMBODIMENTS OF THE CREATOR (ASHE)

WE SALUTE THE ANCESTORS AND THE WOMB THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME (ASHE)
WE CALL YOU BY YOUR TRIBAL NAMES,HONORING ALL THAT YOU ARE;
WARRIORS
KINGS AND QUEENS
KEEPERS OF THE FLAME
TRIBAL AND CONNECTED TO THE LAND

WE SALUTE THE ZULU OF SOUTH AFRICA
THE SAMOLI OF ETHIOPIA
THE MAASAI OF KENYA
THE BUSHMEN OF BOTSWANA
THE YOURBA OF NIGERIA
THE SAWAHILI OF TANZANIA
THE NUBIANS OF EGYPT
THE ASHANTI OF THE IVORY COAST
THE DINKA OF SUDAN
THE FULANI OF SENEGAL

WE SALUTE THE CHEROKEE
THE CHEYENNE
THE CROW
THE BLACK FOOT
THE APACHE
THE MOHAVE
THE CREEK
THE CAMANCHE
THE CHIPPEWA/LAKOTA

TONY - BAD
MALIK - CON
DUNCAN - GOOD

Shaman Song
by James Broughton

1

All
Listen Brothers Listen

Bad
The alarms are on fire
The oracles are strangled
Hear the pious vultures
condemning your existence
Hear the greedy warheads
calling for your death

Good
Quick while there's time
Take heed Take heart
Claim your innocence

Con.
Proclaim your fellowship
Reach to each other
Connect one another
and hold

3

Bad
Release your mind from the handcuffs of guilt
Take off your blinders

Good
Focus your insight
Take off the bandages that infect your fears
See your wounds heal when you know your birthright

Con
Men are not foes

Con - Good
Men born loving
welcome being tingled by the touch of devotion
Honor one another

Bad
or lose

8

Bad
Hold nothing back
Hold nothing in

Con
Romp and Commingle out in the open
Parade your peculiar

Bad	Shine your monkey
	Rout the sourpuss
Con	Outrage the prig
	Quick while there's room
Good	Revel in foolhardy
	Keep fancies tickled
	Grow fond of caress
Bad	Go forthright together
	or fail
	10
Good	Relish new comrades
	Freshen new dreams
Con	Speak from the heart
Good	Sing from the phallus
	Keep holy bounce in your intimate ballgames
Bad	Sexual fervor can
Con	leap over galaxy
Bad	outburst the sun
Bad	football the moon
Good	Give way to love
Con	Give love its way
Bad	Ripen one another or rot
	11
Good	Extend your vision
Con	Stretch your exuberance
Good	Offer your body to the risks of delight
Bad	where soul can run naked
Good	spirit jump high
	Taste the divine on the lips of lover
Bad	Savor the divine on the thigh of a friend
	Treasure the divinity that
Bad	ignites the orgasm

Good Surprise the eagles and soar

12

Bad Let the weapons rust
Let the powers crumble
Open your fist

Good into embraces
Open your arms length into loving circles
Con Be champions of hug
Good Be warriors of kiss
Prove in beatitude a new breed of man
Prove that comradeship is the crown of the gods

All Cherish one another
and thrive

13

Bad Listen Brothers Listen
The alarms are too late
This is the hour for amorous revolt

Con Dare to take hold
Dare to take over
Good Be heroes of harmony
bedfellow bliss

All Man must love man
Bad or war is forever
Outnumber the hawks

Con Outdistance the angels
Good Love one another
Bad or die

THE RIVER

WE GATHER HERE TO RENEW OUR FAITH, AND PRAY FOR STRENGTH
WE STAND PROUD AS THE MURKY WATERS RUSH ACROSS ROCKS,
AROUND TREES AND OVER FALLEN BRANCHES

WE SING SONGS OF PRAISE, WE CHANT VERSES OF DESIRE
AND THE NEED TO BE NEEDED
WE EMBRACE WITH A SENSE OF URGENCY,
WE KNOW OUR EXISTENCE DEPENDS UPON OUR SELF-RELIANCE
WE DIP OUR MUDDED FEET IN THE SWIFT WATERS
WHILE OTHERS ON THE BANKS RAISE THEIR HANDS ABOVE
THEIR HEADS AND CRY OUT IN ANCIENT TOUNGES
WE DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO KEEP US HERE
TO KEEP US HERE FASCING WHAT SEEMS TO BE TURBELENT
OF WHAT IS A MIGHTY RIVER
WE ALL PERFORM OUR RITUALS HERE IN ITS PRESENCE
ACKNOWLDGING ITS POWER, AND THEN WE RETREAT
INTO THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF ONE ANOTHER

COMFORTING, CARESSSING, FEEDING, BATHING, FEELING AS ONE
LOOKING PAST THE RUSHING WATERS, IT'S LOUD THUNDER
IT'S VIOLENT BREEZE AND ITS MEANDERING PATH

WE LOOK PAST THIS ANCIENT RIVER, TO THE BANKS ON THE OTHER SIDE
AND WE RISE, WE RISE TOGETHER AS ONE, AND IN
AGREEMENT, WE CROSS OVER, WE CROSS OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE
ON A BRIDGE OF FAITH AND A FOUNDATION OF WE

AND CAIN KILLED ABEL

IT HAS NOW BECOME A NECESSITY
TO LOOK FAR BEYOND THE HORIZON

WE MUST LISTEN TO VISIONS
WHO STRETCH FUTHER THAN THE EYE WILL SEE DUNCAN

JUST A GLIMPSE BEYOUND DEATH
CAN HELP US TO SLAY AGE OLD DEMONS
BEAST WHO HAVE ROAMED IN OUR MIDST
AND GONE UNMENTIONED----(SILENCE) DUNCAN

DRAWN TO NEED/WE FACE EACH OTHER WARILY

LIKE EMBERS IN A FIRE TONY
BURNING BRIGHTLY
ATOP A HILLSIDE

KISSING THE FACE OF THE FIRST BROTHER WE ENCOUNTER
PULLING THE FLESH FROM THE OTHERS ARM AS WE PART
STANDING STILL UNDER MOONLIGHT [AND HUMID SKIES DUNCAN

SAY A PRAYER FOR ME TONIGHT TONY

PRAY FOR ANGER TO IGNITE US DUNCAN

I'LL NEAL AT THE ALTAR OF OUR ANCESTORS TONY

ASK THEM TO GUIDE US

TONY
DONT CLOSE YOUR EYES/LOOK INTO MINE

WE CAN FIND COMFORT ON OUR REFLECTIONS TONY

SAY A PRAYER FOR ME TONIGHT

PRAY FOR RAGE TO EMPOWER US

I'LL DRAW UPON THE STRENGTH OF MOTHERS DUNCAN
THEIR TEATS(BREASTS)FULL WITH THE MILK
OF KNOWLDGE

SUCKLE WITH THE INTENT TO SUCCEDE,
THINK NOT OF FAILURE

NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON A BROTHER,
UNLESS YOUR SURE YOU CAN WALK AWAY

UNITED, WE ARE, THE MOST FORMIDABLE FORCE
ON EARTH /THERE IS NOTHING WE CANT DO

TONY DANIELS

Serenade

FUCKED FOR L-I-F-E

SUBCONSCIOUS/ CONSCIOUS

I SAT ALONE IN DARKNESS
SILENTLY CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE

DEATH SENT A MESSENGER/
VISITING ME @ MY WEAKEST/
DESERTED, ALONE, BARELY
ABLE TO SEE

PONDERING THE EVENTS OF THE DAY
THINKING OF HOW TO END IT
IN A SILENT WAY

WITH AS LITTLE DISCOMFORT
AS POSSIBLE, AS QUICKLY AS
POSSIBLE
DAYS AND WAYS/ WHEN-HOW

I LIE AWAKE IN PAIN
VISUALIZING DEATH
AS IT IS
AN UNKNOWN SEDUCER

MY THOUGHTS WERE OF HIM/
THIS SPIRIT THIS FACELESS
ONE WHO SOUGHT TO HAVE
ME THE PAIN I FELT WAS
SO INTENSE IN THE BED
OF STRANGERS, IN MY BED,
IN A HOSPITAL BED

SLEEP BECOMES MORE ATTRACTIVE
THAN THE CONTINUAL ASSAULT OF
BEING SANE
VISIONS SWAM IN THE CANALS OF
MY MIND LIKE LIGHT FILTERING
THROUGH TINY CRACKS
LIGHT THAT CAST NO SHADOW

HAVING GOOD SENSE MADE NO
SENSE TO ESCAPE THE MADNESS
I SLEPT I DREAMT OF VOYAGES
OVER LAND, THROUGH AIR TIME
AND DISTANCE
DREAMS SO VIVID THEY SEEMED
REAL

I WAS F-U-C-K-E-D FOR LIFE
20 YEARS YOUNG
FUCKED F-O-R LIFE

THE MASK I WEAR FOR PROTECTION
FELL FREE TO THE GROUND
SMASHED AND SHATTERED
BY THE WEIGHT OF MY OWN BODY

RESTLESSNESS/ SWEPT OVER ME
LIKE THE TONGUE OF AN
ATTENTIVE LOVER
MY FLESH CRAWLS
MEMORIES OF HAPPIER TIMES
CLOUD THE CLEAR VIEW OF MY
MINDS EYES

I WANT TO EAT, TO SLEEP
TO LIE IN WAIT AT THE FEET
OF THE UNKNOWN SEDUCER

DEATHS PRESENCE WAS INTOXICATING
MAKING ME DRUNK WITH CURIOSITY

ITS EXISTENCE MORE ENTICING
THAN THE FORCES
THAT HELD ME HERE

FAMILY, FRIENDS, LOVERS PAST
NONE OF THEIR MEMORIES WERE
AS SATISFYING AS SIMPLY LETTING
DEATH HAVE ITS WAY WITH ME

THE COURIER LEFT ME
WITH THE PACKAGE
MARKED
RETURN TO SENDER

IT WAS MY FATE
M-I-N-E
BLOOD TAINTED
RUINED
DELIVERED ANONYMOUSLY

I WAS FUCKED FOR LIFE

TONY D.
AFROBEATS 1994(11)

NOW WE THINK

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut
might kill us.
There might be
a pin-sized hole
in the condom.
A lethal leak.

We stop kissing
tall dark strangers,
sucking mustaches,
putting lips
tongues
everywhere.
We return to pictures.
Telephones.
Toys.
Recent lovers.
Private lives.

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut might kill.
This kiss could turn
to stone.

Love Letter #64

1

Over my head your balls
rest dangling above
my lips, in silence you
wait to have them

kissed, caressed by a tongue
so warm, fleeced like a
fox's fur. descend, descend into
my mouth, o love's infernal.

2

Comfort and ease, the figure
across my bed. you sigh
with deep exhausting breaths as
if reliving the night before

when all was tossed and wrestled
on a convoluted field
where everyone is captive
or victor or slave.

PLEASE SLIDE IT IN DEEP
DON'T PUT A RUBBER ON IT
DON'T LUBE IT UP
FORCE IT DRY
UP INTO THE PITS OF ALL THAT IS ME
AS I SCREAM, *SLAP ME*
PAIN MEETS MY MIND WITH UNDERSTANDING
FUCK ME HARD
PULL MY HAIR
SHOUT OBSCENITIES IN MY EAR
STICK IT IN SIDEWAYS
SLAM INTO MY WALLS WITH ABANDON
MAKE ME BLEED
LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE SLOWLY
ALONE
WITH MY SORROW
AS COMFORT

CUM 4 ME

SPEW OUT THOSE SEEDS OF LIFE
TAINTED SCATTERS
OF WHAT COULD BE SUFFERING
COVER MY SOUL,
SHROUD IT IN THE MUSKY SCENT
OF THIS SHOUT FORTH FROM YOUR MEMBER
RUB IT DEEP INTO THE PORES OF MY SKIN,
SO THAT I MAY TINGLE
WITH YOUR BEGINNINGS, YOUR ENDS

“INTIMATE SPACES”
@ Club Ultimate
Saturday, April 6, 1996

***Opening*: “Intimate Spaces”**

***Introduction to Soft Section*: Malik**

Section 1: Soft

Untitled # 1	Tony
Song: “Summertime”	Duncan
Kiss	Malik
Palm Saturday	Tony
I Put a Spell on You (by Tony Daniels)	Duncan
Imagining (by Malik Williams)	The Muse
Untitled #2 (by Tony Daniels)	Malik ✓
In Fields of Color	Tony ✓
I Want to Die While You Love Me (by Georgia Douglas Johnson)	Tony/Duncan

Section 2: Medium

Get It and Feel Good (by Ntozake Shange)	The Muse
A Way to Go (by Duncan Teague)	Malik
Untitled #3 (by Tony Daniels)	Duncan/Malik
Insatiable (by Opal Palmer Adisa)	Tony
Baby (by Ahmasi)	Duncan
Summer Lust Poem #1 (by David Warren Frechette)	The Muse

***Introduction to Hard Section:* Tony**

Section 3: Hard

Is It Rape if You Came? (By Tony Daniels)	Tony/Malik ✓
Cum 4 Me (by Tony Daniels)	Duncan
I wanted You in My Life Forever (by Tony Daniels)	Malik
Oh Please	Tony
Me and Mrs. Jones (Creepin)	Tony
Now We Think (by Essex Hemphill)	The Muse ✓

SONG:

“SUMMERTIME”

TONY

Palm Saturday

You kissed my hands, first
My open palm to your bearded chin
Your warm lips greeted my fortune telling lines
To believe such simplicity
So trembling
So unnerving
Palm to lips, held
Held in one moment, aeons long.

Self

My paws were mine
To work
To survive
To dig
Toil
Mend
Heal

Until
You kissed my hands, first.

Permission granted
Weapons dropped
Dilingers lie about my feet.
My hands upturned filled with your flushed rose face
Will not guard my heart.

Where will your threatening lips weaken me next?
You kissed my hands, first.

PUT A SPELL ON YOU

for NINA

COUNTLESS DAYS AND NIGHTS
I LIE IN A STATE OF UTTER WONDER
@ ALL THAT HAS TRANSPIRED
MY HEART AND EMOTIONS ANSWERS TO YOURS
SUDDENLY ; WITHOUT WARNING
I AM TERRIFIED
TERRIFIED THAT I AM NO LONGER SELF- CENTERED
OR SELF SERVING

YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED @ SOMETHING THAT EVEN I COULD
NOT DO
MAKE ME FALL IN LOVE

SO WEAK AM I
SO VULNERABLE

BE EVER SO GENTLE
THE PAIN IS CONSTANT
MY HEART HAS YET TO STOP ADJUSTING

DEALING WITH THE INTRUSION OF YOUR ~~LOVE~~ [redacted]
IS SOMETIMES MORE THAN I CAN ~~TAKE~~ BARE

WHEN @ LAST THE HEART HAS CEASED TO FIGHT
(WHICH I FEEL IS NEVER)
THE LOVING WILL SOAR
AND WE WILL BECOME AS ONE
IN TOTAL POSSESSION
OF ALL THAT WE HAVE BECOME
TOGETHER FOREVER
WE SHALL GROW OLD TOGETHER
BECOMING WISER AND MORE IN LOVE
AS THE YEARS GO BY

KARL
5/23/88

Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.636.5147

IMAGINING

SLOW JAZZ
ALONE AND LONELY
THINKING OF YOU.
WAITING FOR THAT DAY
OR NIGHT
MERGING
FLOWING AGAIN.

malik

SOOTHING
THE DEEP CHOCOLATE OF YOU
DRINKING YOU IN.
JOINED AND RISING
FALLING TOGETHER
OPENED AND FREE
WHEN I AM WITH YOU
WE ARE ONE.

DUNCAN

LIFE EXPLODING
ENGAGING CREATION
AND JOY IN THE SWEETNESS
OF YOU
AND ME
ALONE
TOGETHER.

TONY

I WANT TO DIE WHILE YOU LOVE ME

GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

I WANT TO DIE WHILE YOU LOVE ME,
  WHILE YET YOU HOLD ME FAIR,
WHILE LAUGHTER LIES UPON MY LIPS
  AND LIGHTS ARE IN MY HAIR

I WANT TO DIE WHILE YOU LOVE ME
  AND BEAR TO THAT STILL BED
YOUR KISSES TURBULENT, UNSPENT
  TO WARM ME WHEN I'M DEAD.

I WANT TO DIE WHILE YOU LOVE ME
  OH, WHO WOULD CARE TO LIVE
TILL LOVE HAS NOTHING MORE TO ASK
  AND NOTHING MORE TO GIVE?

I WANT TO DIE WHILE YOU LOVE ME
  AND NEVER,NEVER SEE
THE GLORY OF THIS PERFECT DAY
  GROW DIM OR CEASE TO BE!

MALIK & Duncan ③

Tony

UNTITLED #3

YOU COME TO ME SEEKING PLEASURE
INSTEAD YOU FIND LOVE AND A
UNDYING NEED TO BE LOVED MALIK

OVERCOME BY THE DEPTH OF MY GIVING DUNCAN
YOU GIVE IN TO THAT YOU FEAR

FEEDING IN A FRENZY OF ESTACY
WE TASTE THE FRUITS OF TWO BODIES MALIK
INTERTWINED IN THE TANGO OF PASSION

FRIGHTENED BY THE FLOW OF EMOTIONS BOTH
YOU RETREAT

VISITING ME WHEN I AM WEAKEST
MAKING PROMISES YOU THINK YOU'LL KEEP DUNCAN

OUT THERE YOURE TEMPTED BY THOSE THINGS MALIK
I HATE MOST

PUNISHING ME FOR PAIN I NEVER CAUSED DUNCAN

HERE I LAY HURT / CONFUSED/ WORRIED/ AND ALONE
MALIK DUNCAN MALIK DUNCAN

05/06/88

ANTHONY DANIELS

Tony

INSATIABLE

OPAL PALMER ADISA

THIS HAS
GOT TO STOP
NOT THE PASSION
US NOT BEING
ABLE TO RESISTS
EACH OTHER
THE ENDLESS CRAVING
IN MY GROIN
THE HUNGER OF
MY LIPS
TO TASTE
YOU

THE PULL
OF MY ARMS
TO WRAP YOU
TO ME

THIS HAS GOT TO STOP
NOT THE UNQUENCHABLE
DESIRE
THE TOUNGE
MASSAGING FLESH
THE ARMS
THAT CARESS
AND ENFOLD

BUT THE INTERRUPTION
OF DAYBREAK
THE DEMANDS
OF WORK
THE INTRUSION
OF FRIENDS
ALL THOSE
PETTY THINGS
THAT STEAL US
FROM EACH OTHER
TEMPER OUR RHYTHM
WIPE OUR
WETNESS

THAT'S WHAT HAS
GOT TO STOP
NOT YOU
DEEP IN ME
BODIES THRASHING
DRINKING LOVE

FROM EACH OTHER
NOT BEING ABLE
TO GET ENOUGH
OF OURSELVES

THE MOON
REFUSING
TO SURRENDER
HER PLACE
TO THE SUN
US
INTERCONNECTED
RIDING WAVES
SMELTING IRON
US
RESISTING
DROWNING OURSELVES
IN EACH OTHER

THIS HAS
GOT TO STOP

BUT I PRAY
IT NEVER

AHMASI

BABY

DUNCAN

HE CALLS ME
BABY
IN THE PRIVACY
OF OUR ALONESS
WHEN WE
SHUT THE DOOR
ON THE WORLD
LOCKING US IN
AND AWAWY FROM
PRYING TOUNGES
AND UN/UNDERSTANDING EYES

HE CALLS ME
BABY
IN A MANNER
THAT
DRAWS ME TO HIM
& LOCKS ME IN
THE WARMTH OF HIS
MIGHTY FOREARMS
GRANTITE BICEPS

AND
HE CALLS ME
BABY
WHEN
HE'S IN
THAT MOOD
WHEN NOTHING MORE
NEEDS
TO BE SAID

HE CALLS ME
BABY
LOW & GUTTURAL
MAKING IT SOUND
NASTY
& PORNOGRAPHIC
AND
MAKING ME LOVE
THE WAY
HE CALLS ME
BABY

[redacted]

SUMMER LUST POEM #1
DAVID WARREN FRECHETTE

IT'S SUMMER AND
EVERY OTHER MOTHER'S SON
STRUTS THE STEAM-DRENCHED ASPHALT
LIKE RIPE WALKING FRUITS
AND GOURMET TREATS WITH TORSOS..... (DUNCAN)
WANTONLY STALKING YOUR DIVIDED ATTENTIONS,
BOOSTING THE TEMPERATURE EASILY
PAST THE ONE -HUNDRED DEGREE MARK

SUMMER IS A DROP DEAD GORGEOUS BLACK MAN
WITH THE HEIGHT OF THE WATUSI AND
THE PROFILE OF RENAULD WHITE. (TONY)
FACES THAT BEAR WITNESS TO
THE INFLUENCES OF AFRICA, THE CARRIBBEAN,
AND NEARLY FORGOTTEN NATIVE AMERICAN TRIBES

TOUNGES THAT TESTIFY IN A POLYGOT OF ACCENTS
FROM DRESDEN -LIKE GHETTOS TO IVY LEAGUE DORMS.
CHOCOLATES SO SWEET, FINE, AND DELECTABLE (MALIK)
THAT THE SWISS WOULD BE TRULY JEALOUS.
STRONG BROWS SET IN TANDEM
WITH PIERCING WISE EYES.

BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE SKINS ALL GLISTENING
WITH THE GLOW OF GOOD NUTRITION
AND THE LIMITLESS PROMISE OF ESTASY (TONY)
TO CONQUERORS WHO CAN TRIUMPH OVER ATTITUDE
IN THE QUEST OF THEIR SELECTED PRIZES.

SUMMER IS A DOLPH LUNDGREN-TYPE BLOND
WITH CHIISELED FEATURES AND CORNSILK HAIR
STROLLING BESIDES YOU IN TECHNICOLOR JAMS, (DUNCAN)
WHICH ALL BUT HIDE
PRIME-CUT BONE -CRUSHER CALVES

SUMMER IS A BAD-ASS HISPANIC HERMANO
ANYWHERE FROM SIXTEEN TO FIFTY,
COLLARS CASUALLY OPEN (MALIK)
TO REVEAL SUN-TANNED CHESTS

STREET DUDES WITH MOUTH-WATERING
CUELOS AND BICHOS OVEN-STUFFED INTO
SHAPE-CLINGING SLACKS THEIR SISTERS (TONY)
WOULD FIND TOO RESTRICTIVE

SUMMER IS A MIDDLE-CLASS NUYORICAN TOO
EMITTING ERROL FLYNN EFFECTS
IN ARMANI THREADS, (MALIK)
CONCEALED SENSUALITY SEEPING
THROUGH HIS GARMENTS.

YOU WANT TO KISS THEIR AMBIVALENT EYES,
GRIP THEIR UPTIGHT FISTS (DUNCAN)
AS YOU TAKE THEM DOWN

JAM YOUR TOUNGE AGAINST THEIRS
IN AN EVASIVE MANEUVER (MALIK)
WORTHY OF AGREEN BERET,

AS THEIR SURRENDERD MACHISMO
SHATTERS IN A BURST OF CRIES AND WHISPERS (TONY)

SUMMER IS A LEATHER/ DENIM COWBOY
OF ANY COLOR, MAKE OR MODEL YOU CHOOSE, (DUNCAN)
STRIDING DELIBERATELY BETWEEN J'S,
THE SPIKE, AND THE EAGLE UNTIL YOUR EYES LOCK.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO AND
ANY WHICH YOU TURN
THE STREETS TEAM WITH MEN WHO POPULATE (TONY)
YOUR MOST TORRID FANTASIES,

STOKE THE FIERY FUNANCE
OF YOUR IMAGINATION, (DUNCAN)
AND EVEN INSISTS ON STOWING AWAY
IN YOUR DAYDREAMS.

IN THESE ALL-TOO SOMBER PLAGUE-SCARE DAYS
LUST IS THE HOWLING ANIMAL WITHIN US (TONY)
THAT REFUSES TO DIE A COWARDS DEATH SO.....

WE WHISTLE WITH OUR EYES AND SUBTLY
WET OUR LIPS IN ANTICIPATION (MALIK)

OF PASSIONATE DREAM SCENES

WITH BROAD- SHOULDERD,
SUN- BAKED CONSTRUCTION HUNKS, (DUNCAN)
FICKLE YOUTHS WITH SWIMMERS' BUILDS,
FLINT EYED POETS,AND CHUNKY TRUCKERS,

ALL OF WHOM SEEMED SELF-DESIGNED FOR
OUR LUST- RIDDEN PERSUAL AND THE (MALIK)
SATISFACTION OF OUR MOST RIVETING DESIRES.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We are now entering the 5th dimension of our sexual psyches. We intend to examine as much as possible about how our sexual lives affect us and those around us. We ask that you cum *(literally if you like)* on this journey and experience some of the sweet nectar that this flower called life has to offer. We will explore the social aspects of our sexual lives in an attempt to address our unwillingness to communicate truthfully with one another. The sexual as political is yet another area we will examine. Finally, we will crawl into a space comfortable enough for you to relax and experience the joy of surrendering to your sexual desire. The intense pleasures and sometimes severe pain they may give us, all through spoken word. Follow us if you dare, *cum* if you can.

Tony Daniels

CUM 4 ME

SPEW OUT THOSE SEEDS OF LIFE
TAINTED SCATTERERS OF WHAT
COULD BE SUFFERING
COVER MY SOUL, SHROUD IT IN
THE MUSKY SCENT OF THIS
SHOT FORTH FROM YOUR
MEMBER
RUB IT DEEP INTO THE PORES
OF MY SKIN, SO THAT I MAY
TINGLE WITH YOUR BEGINNINGS
YOUR ENDS

ANTHONY DANIELS

PLEASE SLIDE IT IN DEEP
DON'T PUT A RUBBER ON IT
DON'T LUBE IT UP
FORCE IT DRY
UP INTO THE PITS OF ALL THAT IS ME
AS I SCREAM, *SLAP ME*
PAIN MEETS MY MIND WITH UNDERSTANDING
FUCK ME HARD
PULL MY HAIR
SHOUT OBSCENITIES IN MY EAR
STICK IT IN SIDEWAYS
SLAM INTO MY WALLS WITH ABANDON
MAKE ME BLEED
LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE SLOWLY
ALONE
WITH MY SORROW
AS COMFORT

ME AND MRS. JONES (CREEPIN)

SHE CAME IN THE DOOR SLOWLY,SEDUCTIVELY
AS IF SHE NEEDED TO EVEN TRY IT WITH ME
MRS. JONES WAS MY LAST FALL FROM GRACE
SHE WAS MY LAST TEMPTATION
IMAGINE WHAT ITS LIKE,
MAKING LOVE TO A
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN
A WOMAN WHO KNOWS WHAT BEING FEMALE IS ALL ABOUT
A WOMAN WITH CURVES IN THE MOST SINFUL OF PLACES
SHE REMOVED HER STOCKINGS ONE-AT-A-TIME
RIGHT LEGG THROWN OVER LEFT SHOULDER
LOONNGG DEEP MOUND OF FRAGRANT PUSSY HAIRS TICKLE MY NOSE
IMAGINE WHAT ITS LIKE,
MAKING LOVE TO A
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN
A WOMAN WHOS PROMISED TO ANOTHER
A WOMAN WHOS MADE YOU FORSAKE ALL OTHERS
FORBITTEN FRUIT TASTED
SUSTANCE FOR A SUCIDAL SOUL
SHE LOWERS HER TENDER,HUNGRY FLESH ONTO MY FACE
MY TOUNGE DIGS DEEP INTO THE PULP OF HER MANGO
TWAT IS THE FLAVOUR THAT I SAVOUR
IMAGINE WHAT ITS LIKE,
MAKING LOVE TO A
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN
SHE GOT INTO A CRAWL SPACE BETWEEN REALITY AND FANTASY;
SHE FLOODED THE PASSAGEWAYS OF MY COUNSCIOUSNESS WITH HER PRESENCE
IMAGINE WHAT ITS LIKE ,
MAKING LOVE TO A
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN

OUT WRITE BOOKSTORE
HOST
AMETHYST MAGAZINE
RELEASE PARTY
FOR THE SUMMER/FALL ISSUE
REBECCA RANSOM-EDITOR

READINGS BY
ANTONIA RANDOLPH- ***YOUTH EDITOR*** OCTOBER 1996
AGIGI;IJIIII;OIIUGIUGIUGG7T8Y8Y8Y08Y8Y8Y8Y888Y7
AND SPECIAL GUEST ARTIST **ADODI MUSE**, PERFORMING A
SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO ***R. LEIGH(TRE`) JOHNSON***

TRE'S TRIBUTE
YELLOW FIRE-DUNCAN TEAGUE

LABOR DAY IN THE CLUBS IN ATLANTA- R. LEIGH (TRE`)
JOHNSON- THE MUSE

TRE`- GAIL COHEN-MALIK

WHAT OF BACH-DUNCAN TEAGUE-MALIK/DUNCAN

NO SILENCE-TONY DANIELS

I HAVE COME INTO THE CITY-SONYA SANCHEZ/SWEET
HONEY IN THE ROCK-THE MUSE

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I HAVE COME INTO THE CITY-SONYA SANCHEZ/SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK-THE MUSE

YELLOW FIRE

by Duncan E. Teague

Middle Georgia's worst Yellow Fire
Is my child, *sho nuff* (sure enough)
Flaming gold, searing the moment laughing witty flares
Touched by the Goddess of Light
My Baby

Gifted, annointed *[sic]*
Country plain common sensed
Sweet as peach cobblar *[sic]* smelling up the whole house
Hot as August noonday cotton fields, steaming in humid waves

Oh she made him
Smarter than Carver
Louder than Bessie, much louder
As determined as Dr. De Bois *[sic]*
Wild as Josephine
Mean as Ethel

All my children BAD
But Yellow Fire the worstest
Hard headed as Joe Louis

All mine, All mine, I'm blessed
And I s'pose this child
Got it honest.

LABOR DAY IN THE CLUBS IN ATLANTA
(for Rory, Melvin, Donald, Gerald, Felix, and the bank [sic] *played on)*
by R. Leigh (Tré) Johnson

T.D. - Chile, you ain't never partied until you've partied with the children for Labor Day in Atlanta . . .

Honey every Trade, Queen, Butchbunny, and Fliplopper was on Spring Street from Alabama, Florida, Tennessee, Texas and all other points North and West of Mississippi . . .

D.T. - Girl, I saw people there I hadn't seen in years . . . It was a massive JUKE JOINT JUMPIN, GUITAR PICKIN FAMILY REUNION . . .

But through all the laughter, and all the smiling, the thick aroma of sweaty hungry bodies rubbing up against each other on the dance floor . . . a cold and distant veil of loneliness made its way past all these façades . . . for every one of us was in pain . . .

M.W. - Fighting long and hard to hold back the tears, for so many of our hearts were broken because of our Brothers, Sisters, Friends, and Lovers who were no more . . . they had fought a never ending battle of pain, torture and total devastation and destruction . . .

As the party made its way outside on the humid summer patio, we felt dedication from the Lord for all the brave warriors who had lost the battle and ultimately the fight . . .

D.T. - The WAR just like an evening storm, each drop symbolizing another casualty GONE . . . then another . . . then another . . .

T.D. - Could you imagine what this party would have been if none of us were affected or infected by this enemy of AIDS?

D.T. - KEEP FIGHTING CHILDREN!

T.D. - HOLD ON! THE STORM IS ABOUT TO END!

M.W. - AND A BRAND NEW PARTY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!!!!

TRÉ

by Gail Cohen

I didn't really
know you
Yet word of you fallen
focused me
brought you vividly to mind
but more

Driving you took control
knew all the roads
gave and gave and gave
back to that moment
you read your majestic poem
IV in tact
going onward
gracing us
taking your naps
returning to give again

All I know
is rampant energy has
left this world
an individual
Resplendent
Too young to leave us

I see you
standing on
that battlefield
littered with bodies
I see you
posed regally
Then you too
Fall

noble warriors
living with the inevitable
this battle
must be won

Tré won in
the battle of life
He was an artist
A Poet
He was Himself

What of Bach

Duncan E. Teague

Malik Listen to sonata
The white man on the radio
Explains Bach

Duncan I cry for my loving friend.
He cries behind the mountain
The son of his loins cries alone

Malik Loin tampered with
precious drops fall,

Duncan Cancer
Where I long to live
In the lap of his love

Malik The white radio-Bach-man
says "...all interpret his genius."

D Can Bach cure cancer?
Make us whole

M Sonata rises

M The radio sounds blur
past the nightfall

D The telephone is insufficient
so waiting tearful to see
the scar of musical incisions.

M "All interpret his genius."

D I read the music between the telephone lines.
Sad, choppy, sick music
I hate Bach (*Malik turns away from original focus*)
I hate the radio man's voice.
He never gets sick.

D Help sonata get up.

Ringo Research
ASSOCIATES

3340 PEACHTREE ROAD • 28TH FLOOR • ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30305 • (404) 892-7372 • FAX (404) 875-5110

Will Beethoven or Chopin
bring a cure.

M No, Bach must be the answer.
D I'll cry through this movement
Pray to a music God get in the next...
Lead the clapping at the end,

M Only after the end of the piece.

DM Loud rhymic clapping.

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I Have Come Into The City

Sonya Sanchez

i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
amid rumors of death
calling out to everyone who would listen
it is time to move us all into another century
time for freedom and racial and sexual
justice
time for women and children and men , time
for hands unbound
i had come into the city wearing peaceful breast
and the spaces between us smiled ,
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes

and they followed us in their cars with their computers
and their tongues crawled with caterpillars
and they bumped us off the road, turned over our cars,
and they bombed our building, killed our babies,
and they slaughtered our doctors
maintaining our bodies
and their courts changed into confessionals
but we kept on organizing we kept on
teaching believing
loving doing what was holy moving to a
higher ground
even though our hands were full of
slaughtered truth
but we had our eyes delirious with grace
but we had our eyes delirious with grace

come, i say come, you sitting still in domestic bacteria
come, i say come, you standing still in double
breasted mornings
come, i say come, and return to the fight
this fight for the earth
this fight for our children

this fight for our life
we need your hurricane voices
we need your sacred hands

i say, come, sister, brother to the battlefield
come into the rain forests
come into the 'hood, come into the barrios
come into the schools, come into the abortion clinics
come into the prisons, come caress our spines

i say, come, wrap, your feet around justice
i say, come, wrap, your tongues around truth
i say, come, wrap your hands with deeds and prayers
you brown ones, you yellow ones,
you black ones, you gay ones, you white ones,
you lesbian ones

Come come come come come to this battlefield
called life, called life, called life....

“CHARACTERS”
THURSDAY, JULY 25,1996
GAY AND LESBIAN VISITORS CENTER

1.PSYCHOSIS#2(JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED-
MATTHEW 71)--- TONY DANIELS(THE MUSE)
“COME TO JESUS”
2.DELIVERANCE--- CRAIG HICKMAN(TONY)

3.I AM LIKE A ROOM---MALIK WILLIAMS(MALIK)

4. FAGBASHER---G. WINSTON JAMES(THE MUSE)

5. PSYCHOSIS #1 ---TONY DANIELS / HE REMEMBERS---MALIK WILLIAMS(THE MUSE)

6.HONESTLY---TONY DANIELS(TONY)

7.SECRETS--- TONY DANIELS(MALIK)

8.DON’T ASK DON’T TELL--- TONY DANIELS(TONY)

9.READING ESSEX AT THE AIRPORT--- MALIK WILLIAMS(MALIK)

10.NOW WE THINK--- ESSEX HEMPHILL(THE MUSE)

PSYCHOSIS #2: "JUDGE NOT, THAT YE NOT BE JUDGED" (MATTHEW 7:1)

T I. HE SITS, TEARS SLOWLY DRIPPING DOWN HIS FACE IN THE DESERTED CHURCH, PEERING DOWN AT THE NEARLY NAKED BODY OF JESUS. ASHAMED BECAUSE HE IS AROUSED BY THE BODY OF CHRIST HANGING FROM THE CROSS.

HE DOESN'T STOP TO CONSIDER THAT ALL NEARLY-NAKED PEOPLE, MALE AND FEMALE, AROUSE HIM. ESPECIALLY THE ONES IN THE UNDERWEAR SECTION OF THE SEARS AND JC PENNY'S CATALOG WHICH HIS MOTHER HAS FORBIDDEN HIM TO TOUCH UNLESS SHE'S IN THE ROOM. BUT IT IS THE MEN IN THE PAGES OF THE CATALOG THAT ARE THE SOURCE OF HIS FANTASIES

HAVING A GOOD GUT WRENCHING CRY, HE DOESN'T HEAR THE CHARACTERISTIC SHUFFLE OF THE ONCE VERY HANDSOME, BUT NOW AGING PREACHER APPROACHING. THE FAMILIAR SOUNDS OF THE PREACHER'S FOOTSTEPS AGAINST THE HARDWOOD FLOORS REACH HIS EARS BUT NEVER REGISTER IN HIS HEAD. A FIRM HAND GRIPS HIS SHOULDER. HE LOOKS UP INTO THE HUGE, DEEP BROWN EYES OF THE PREACHER; THERE HIS PAIN IS REFLECTED.

REACHING INTO HIS INSIDE JACKET POCKET, THE PREACHER REMOVES 2 NEATLY FOLDED CRISPLY PRESSED COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS. ONE HE GIVES TO HIS DISTRAUGHT PARISHIONER, THE OTHER HE USES TO WIPE AWAY THE HUGE BEADS OF SWEAT COVERING HIS FOREHEAD. AS HE BEGINS TO WIPE HIS FACE, HIS SOBS BEGIN TO CEASE. WITH HIS HEAD BOWED, HE NOTICES THE PREACHER'S SIZE 13'S; SUDDENLY THE BOY IS CAPTURED BY A CLICHE:

M II. BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT . . .

T I. BACK INTO THE GRIPS OF FEAR, HORRIFIED BY HIS OWN DESIRES, THE SMELL OF FORMALDEHYDE PUSHES HIM FURTHER, FURTHER INTO GRIPS OF LUST AND THE ARMS OF THE PREACHER. HE CONFESSES THROUGH TEARS TO THE PREACHER THE SOURCE OF HIS ANGUISH:

M II. HELP ME PREACHER. I KEEP THINKING BOUT MEN IN WAYS THAT AIN'T NATURAL AND I KNOW ITS WRONG, CAN'T BE RIGHT, CAN IT PREACHER? HELP ME I'M WEAK.

T I. THE PREACHER STANDS THERE WITH BOTH HANDS PLACED FIRMLY ON THE BOY'S SHOULDERS.

D III. MY CHILD, MY CHILD, DO NOT BE TROUBLED BY THESE THOUGHTS. THE LORD HOLDS YOU IN HIS ARMS ALWAYS . . .

T I. . . . PULLING THE BOY CLOSE TO HIM IN A WARM EMBRACE. LOOKING UP INTO THE BIG, DEEP BROWN EYES . . .

M II. WHAT MUST I DO PREACHER?

T I. THE PREACHER RELEASES HIM FROM HIS EMBRACE, WALKING OFF TOWARDS HIS STUDY. HE STOPS IN THE AISLE, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE BOY AND HIS SMALL OFFICE. HE BEGINS HIS SERMON . . .

D III. COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS JUST NOW, JUST NOW,
D/M III/II. COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW . . .

J I. THE PREACHER EXTENDS HIS HAND, BECKONING THE BOY TO JOIN HIM IN THE TINY OFFICE. HIS HAND EXTENDS THROUGH THE BOY'S CHEST, CARESSING HIS HEART. THE BLOOD PUMPS FASTER AND FASTER, IT BEATS LOUDER AND LOUDER, UNTIL IT IS THE ONLY SOUND HE HEARS. WALKING TOWARDS THE PREACHER, BEING DRAWN IN, CLOSER, CLOSER, HE KEEPS MOVING TOWARDS HIM. HIS FACE IS ON FIRE, HIS BODY IS AFLAME AND HE KEEPS MOVING, MOVING, FOLLOWING THE VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

THE PREACHER LEAVES THE DOOR OPEN; INSTINCTIVELY THE BOY CLOSES IT AS HE ENTERS THE TINY OFFICE. HE STANDS FACING THE PREACHER, WHO IS SITTING IN AN OLD WOODEN OFFICE CHAIR. THE CHAIR IS TURNED SIDEWAYS SO THAT THEIR EYES MEET EVENLY.

D III. FOLLOW ME, AND I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN, THUS SAID THE LORD. YOU ARE A YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU NOT?

M II. YES PREACHER.

D III. AND THE LORD HATH MADE ME THE FISHER OF MEN. I CAST OUT MY NET INTO THE SEA OF DESPAIR, AND YOUR SPIRIT I HAVE CAUGHT. WORRY NOT.

M II. YES PREACHER.

D III. BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED. YOU HAVE BEEN MOURNING, HAVE YOU NOT MY CHILD?

M II. YES PREACHER.

D III. AND I SHALL COMFORT YOU.

D III. ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, JUST NOW, JUST NOW
M/D III/II. ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, JUST NOW, JUST NOW

M II. I PUT MY TRUST IN YOU.

J I. HIS EYES MEET THE PREACHER'S WITH DEFIANCE.

D III. HEAR MY PRAYER O GOD; GIVE EAR TO THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

M II. I WAS WEARY, WANT AND IN NEED OF REST, YOU LET ME LAY MY HEAD UPON YOUR BREAST. I AM YOURS, FOR NOW AND UNTIL THEN.

D III. BLESS YOU MY CHILD, I MEANT YOU NO HARM.

M II. YET YOU GAVE ME RELEASE FROM MY PAIN FOR YOUR OWN SATISFACTION AND MOCKED MINE.

D III. FORGIVE ME MY CHILD, FOR I HAVE SINNED.

M II. TELL ME PREACHER:

ALL II/III. IF YOU HAD SHOWERED ME WITH YOUR BLOOD INSTEAD OF YOUR SEED,

I. WOULD WE BE FREE OF OUR SINS THEN?

CRAIG HICKMAN

DELIVERANCE
FOR JEFFREY DAHMER

I don't know why, but I'm feeling so sad.
I long to try something I've never had.
Never had no kissin' , oh what I been missin'
Loverman , oh where can you be?

That's their sang to me
when they stared into mine.
All those young , colored faggots
wore their lonlinesss as
a wreaking putrid odor ,
and I breathed it in ,
let it tingle in my nostrils ,
let it ignite the fires in my blood.

I was chosen to offer them
the thing they never had.

Now ,
Newsweek ,
Time , and Inside edition ,
and every newspaper across
this forsaken land features my face ,
and they tell the tale that
I'm the Devil himself.
But the Devil would have never
been as kind as I was.

I called my attorney a fool
for playing that plea of insanity ,
knowing any number of jurors in
their right minds
could ever believe me
insane

I knew exactly what I was doing.

No one thought Abraham
insane
for preparing to carve up his son
and offer him a brunt ,

a burnt! Sacrifice ,
claiming
the voice of God
ordered him so.

Well
I had my voice ,
and it was much more
powerful than God's

All my Isaacs
came to me
willing ,
needing ,
begging to be delivered
from their empty lives .

It was in their eyes ,
their eyes ,
their eyes---
full of an abject fear
like a child who had been beaten ,
waiting only to be beaten again .

In the bars
on the abandoned parking lots ,
in the bushes ,
on the streets ,
in the bathhouses ,
they came ,
one after another , after another.

I was chosen to offer them
the thing they never had.

I stroked their fragile egos
with the kindest of words .
I promised them a night
to remember .
They succumbed
to my nurturing offers.

In the silence of my room ,
I made them feel safe .
I laced their drinks with a

touch of bitterness so
they could look deeper ,
deeper into me and see
my true calling .
I made them
call out to me .
As their diminishing voices cried
Jeffrey! over and aver , *Jeffrey!*
I came as I slit their throats
with my blunt tip scalpel ,
carefully carving their bodies
like an inspired artist .

I wanted their flesh
to become my flesh ,
so I ate their meat raw .
I bathed in their blood .
        I Bathed in their blood .
                I bathed in their blood .
I was baptized in their blood .
I needed to preserve their bodies'
most beautiful parts ,
so I stored them
in my refrigerator ,
under my bed ,
in my closets ,
I took pictures ,
a constant reminder
of the great work I created

I could have never have burned them.

No one came looking .
No one.
Who
wants
a colored faggot?

Now,
rotting in this frigid,
ice-box cell, I'm the lamb
who sacrificed his life
for their freedom from
want, from
AIDS, from

rejection, from
neglect, from
fear, from
loneliness---
the ultimate
deliverance.

Yes,
it was me,
the father they never had.

I did it.

I did it all.

I did them all

a favor.

G. WINSTON JAMES

FAGBASHER

Did you think it was over
Simply because you didn't
Leave the strength to continue
To scream "Why"

And maybe think that just because a bat
Could crack my skull and
Shatter my world that it could
Murder my spirit?

Oh, no, my friend.
Rest firmly assured,
Divas don't die
Quite that easily.

But I guess you were figuring that out
While the first man grabbed you up,
And had it plain before the fourth man
Held your arms tight against the bars.

Swing their fleshy bats behind you so fast
That you thought you could hear them
Cutting through the air at your back,
Threatening to beat you down.

You didn't know that getting fucked
Had a sound, Did you? Like a fight
That you were losing all the more,
The harder you resisted.

Go ahead , scream , motherfucker!
And pretend that your hard little dick
Isn’t saying all the things you were thinking
When you were swinging a bat at me.

Scream , and I’ll clog your throat
On my way out from you twisted depths.
Yell , pant ,choke on all the dead faggots
Climbing over your teeth to watch and chant:

“Fuck him , fuck him.”
As you get slammed by a guy
Who wanted to be faggot
But just ended up being a man.

“Fuck my friend Dean out of him !” one yells.
Open your mouth wider!
“And I wanna see my friend John”
How do you like a bat up your butt?
“Fuck the life out of him.”

Until the last man
Cums in your ass.

PSYCHOSIS #1

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS BABY!

THE HALLWAY IS LONG,NARROW AND FILLED WITH NOISES
THAT COME THROUGH THE WALLS
ALMOST AS LOUD AS THE NOISES IN HER HEAD

THUMP/THUD/THUMP/THUD SHE GINGERLY MAKES HER WAY DOWN THE LONG AND NARROW PATH THAT DEADENDS INTO THE SPACE SHE RENTED,AND REFERED TO AS HER"FLAT"

KEYS RATTLE,EYES STRAIN,CRICK,CRACK
THE BOARDS UNDERNEATH HER ARE WEAK AND WORN AND PROTEST
EVEN THE PRESSURE OF HER MODEST 125lb FRAME
DOOR OPENS,ROOM FILLS WITH LIGHT,HER MIND CLUTTERS,EYES
ADJUST TO SURROUNDINGS
SHE SITS EVER SO CAREFULLY TO REMOVE THE DAYS ARMOUR:
PLATNIUM WIG,SILVER PLATFORM HEELS,RED FISHNET STOCKINGS
A PINK SPAGETTI STRAPED MINI,LARGE OVAL SHAPED SILVER
HOOPS,EXTRA LONG EYELASHES,A LIGHT LAYER OF BASE,AND A
TON OF BLUSH,MASCARA AND EYESHADOW

THUMP/THUD/THUMP/THUD/KRICK/KRACK
SHE PULLS HER TINY BED FROM THE WALL
PLOPS DOWN AND WAITS FOR THE NOISE TO BLOCK HER VISION
REMOVING THE OVERCHEWED GUM FROM HER MOUTH
AND DETACHING THE GUILT FROM HER BODY,PLACING IT NEXT TO
THE DOOR,WHERE IT IS FORGOTTEN
SHE WAITS FOR THE NOISES TO CONSUME HER

FIRST AND THIRD/ALWAYS THE NOISEST/FIRST AND THIRD

ABOVE HER HE HUDDLES IN THE CENTER OF A VERMIN INFESTED
BED;AIDS HAS CLAIMED HIS BODY,BUT GOD HOLDS HIS SOUL
ANOTHER VICTIM OF SILENCE
90lbs THATS ALL/REFUSING TO DIE/WAITING ON WHO!?
THUD----ONLY FALLS ONCE----SHE HEARS IT OVER AND OVER
AGAIN,AMPLIFIED BY THE CONFINES OF HER SMALL SPACE
SLOWLY SHE TURS HER ATTENTIONS DOWNWARD

THE NOISES BELOW HER STRIKE HER EARS WITH A MORE
FAMILIAR CHORD
A GORGEOUS LATINO STRIKES HIS EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL
COMPAINION REPEATEDLY,ACCUSING HER OF BEING A WITCH,
CASTING A SPELL ON HIM,CURSING THAT PART OF HER THAT
DEFINES HER AS MALE
BEGGING HER IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING TO SATISFY
HIM WITH THE CURSED APPENDAGE
LEADING HER TO HATE HERSELF EVEN MORE, REMINDING HER OF

THE UNHAPPINESS THIS APPENDAGE HAS ALWAYS BROUGHT HER

SOLITUDE SEEMS TO AGREE WITH HER MANY MOODS
NOTHING AND NOONE TO CONFRONT HER,BUT THE SAME REPETIVE
NOISES;THUMP/THUD/THUMP/THUD

SCAMPERING ABOUT,DRAWERS HIT CEILNGS,GLASS BREAKS
WHY DOES HE CONTINUALLY FALL OUT OF BED?
THUD/THUD.............THUD/THUD
WHY DOES HIS BODY MAKE SO MUCH NOISE? HE ONLY WEIGHS
90lbs......1/2/3 SETS OF FOOTSTEPS
HES NOT ALONE....DOES HE KNOW HIS ATTACKERS?
WHY DOESNT SOMEBODY LOOK AFTER HIM?

WHY DONT YOU?!

TURNING IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET AWAY FROM THE PAIN AND
GUILT,SHE LIES FACE DOWN ,AND IT STARTS ALL OVER AGAIN
SHE HEARS THE LATINO, SHE VISUALIZES HIS NEAR PERFECT
FACE,REPEATEDLY SLAPPING AND PUNCHING HIS BEAUTIFUL
LOVER
PUNISHING HER FOR HIS WEAKNESS AND SHORTCOMMINGS
THUMP/THUMP/THUMP/THUMP/THUMP........................
AS SHE HITS WALLS AND THE FLOOR THE FORCE OF HIS
BLOWS VIBRATE WITH A LOUD THUMP/THUMP/THUMP
WHY DOESNT SHE LEAVE,IS THIS LOVE?
WHY DO I HAVE TO HEAR THEIR PAIN?

WHY SHOULDNT YOU?

SHE ROLLS VER ON HER SIDE TO FACE THE SOURCE OF HER OWN
PSYCHOSIS
IT STANDS THERE AGAINST THE WALL NEXT TO THE DOOR
STARING BACK AT HER, CHALLENGING HER TO ADRESS IT
DARING HER TO NEED IT IN THIS SPACE

TONY DANIELS10/95

DON'T ASK DON'T TELL

WELL YOU SEE,YOUR ACTIONS AND MY OBSERVATIONS TELL ME
DEATH IS WHAT YOU SEEK
I'VE COME TO BRING YOUR SEARCH TO AN END
BY GIVING YOU WHAT YOU SEEK

INSTEAD OF CONSTANT CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL, WE CAN START
WITH A KISS ON THE LIPS
THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR PILING ROCKS OF COCAINE ON TOP
OF BEDS OF CIGARETTE ASHES, SEARCHING FOR THE HIGH THAT
CAN'T BE FOUND, WE CAN JUST SUCK EACH OTHER DRY
FORGET ABOUT PULLING STUNTS IN BANKS AND DEPARTMENT
STORES, OR WORKING STOLEN CREDIT CARDS
WE CAN FUCK ALL NIGHT LONG
NEVER BREAKING STRIDE
EYES CLOSED TIGHTLY
TEETH CLAMPED DOWN HARD IN FLESH
WHILE SCREAMS OF HEDONISTIC DELIGHT PIERCE THE NIGHT
VIBRATING FROM DEEP WITHIN OUR PSYCHES

I BROUGHT YOU HERE IN SEARCH OF THESE PLEASURES
FIRMLY KNOWING- DEATH---IS WHAT---YOU SEEK
FIRMLY BELIEVING THAT YOU WANT ASK AND I WANT TELL

TONY DANIELS
FEBRUARY 95

Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.636.5147

READING ESSEX AT THE AIRPORT

Standing in line
at the grocery store
the drug store
or like today
in line at the airport
With or without my lover
Reading the wrong book
saying things someone might overhear
I ask myself
why I care
whose reaction I fear
I search the faces
of those queued up in front
beside and behind
the overstuffed white businessman
the too-tan Jewish American Princess
the studious and beautiful Japanese girl
even the brother in military green
do not move or discourage me

It is the sister reading E. Lynn Harris
the mother eyeing me as her own son
the grandmother smiling
as if I were the hope of her generation
Their eyes I cannot meet
Their censorship inhibits me
even as my eyes make contact
with a brother
attempting to make contact with me

In the name of my mother
I shun all advances
adopt a cool pose
and hope to end my journey swiftly
to once again be
among my people

My people
are not
these mothers, sisters, grandmothers
who hold power
who birthed me
held me, shaped me
reared me

Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.636.5147

to the disappointment I now avoid ← clarify

Their eyes hold hope and promise
and expectation
beyond my ability
or willingness to fulfill
Their eyes only see me
with their daughters, nieces, girlfriends
or themselves
I refuse them
the view of who I truly am
Their eyes will not see me
embraced by brothers, sons
or other enemies of their perpetuation

what do these ♀ look like

what do these ♂ look like

Standing here,
waiting to head home
to my people
my family
all the children that await

I avoid the eyes of the women
who do not know me
and of the men
who know me at a glance
I slip Ceremonies
back into my bag
to wait
for a more appropriate place
to be myself
to be free
from the eyes that judge
and discourage
my love

more
what it
feels
like

ESSEX HEMPHILL

NOW WE THINK

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut
might kill us.
There might be
a pin-sized hole
in the condom.
A lethal leak.

We stop kissing
tall dark strangers,
sucking mustaches,
putting lips
tounges
everywhere.
We return to pictures
Telephones.
Toys.
Recent lovers
Private lives.

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut might kill.
This kiss could turn
to stone.

August 8, 1996

After the Games

Opening	Libation by Tony Daniels

Tribute to Womyn

Prayer to Her by Duncan Teague	Malik Williams
Serenade by Tony	Tony
Carlyles Theory by Malik	Malik

Section II

What of Bach by Duncan	Malik & Duncan
I Am Like A Room by Malik	Malik
Room with AView by Tony	Tony
Get It and Feel Good by Ntozake	The Muse

Section III

Ode to My Dearest Enemy by Duncan	Duncan
Deliverance by Craig Hickman	Tony and Duncan
Like a Sailor by Tony	The Muse
Psychosis #2 by Tony	The Muse

Closure

Untitled by Duncan	Duncan
"Miles to Go Before I Sleep" Excerps from One Queen Show by Tony	Tony Daniels

"Miles to Go Before I Sleep"
Tony Daniels
at the Gay & Lesbian Visitors Center
@ Center Stage Tuesday,
August 27, 7:00PM
1374 West Peachtree Street NW, Atlanta
All seats $15.00
an Adodi Muse Production

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Duncan E. Teague
206 Flora Ave. N. E.,
Atl. GA 30307

Prayer to Her

as the Moon, She brings the blue water to the shore
Bring tides of Peace too my soul
Love, If you bring stars to the blacksea nights
Bring joy, *tingling joy* to my heart
Sunrae, You, who burns the beach, dries the sugar sand
Fire the coals that lie deep in my breast
As You Nameless Timeless Womyn who keeps us searching
through the endless, landless wake
for the little Sisters of Truthes
Lead me down the beach till we reach the place where the waters
begin again

What of Bach

Listen to sonata.
The white man on the radio
Explains Bach.
I cry for my loving friend.
He cries behind the mountain.
The son of his loins cries alone.
loin tampered with,
precious drops fall,
Cancer.
Where I long to live,
In the lap of his love
The white radio-Bach-man
says "...all interpret his genius."
Can Bach cure cancer?
Make us whole
Sonata rises

The radio sounds blur
past the nightfall.
The telephone is insufficient
so waiting tearful to see
The scar of musical incisions.

"All interpret his genius."
I read the music
between the telephone lines.
Sad, choppy, sick music
I hate Bach.
I hate that radio man's voice.
He never gets sick.

Help sonata get up.
Will Beethoven or Chopin
bring a cure.
No, Bach must be the answer.
I'll cry through this movement.
Pray to a music God get in the next...
Lead the clapping at the end,
Only after the end of the piece.
Loud rhythmic clapping.

ROOM WITH A VIEW

AS MY EYES CLOSE
AND MY OTHER SENSES COMPENSATE
I CAN SMELL
THE WETNESS THAT BUILDS BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS
THE SWEAT SLOWLY DRIPS DOWN THE SIDES OF YOUR TORSO, SOAKIG THE ELASTIC OF YOUR UNDERWEAR
I OPEN MY MOUTH, THE SCENT TRAIL YOU LEAVE AS YOU EXIT THE ROOM CAUSES MY KNEES TO GIVE IN....
I FALL FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS
ONLY TO LAND SAFELY IN YOUR ARMS

TONY DANIELS 3/96

Ode to My Dearest Enemy

James Newton 19-- to 1991

My Dearest James
So I understand you and I will no longer be at odds
for the available space in the community
allotted to:
articulate, African looking,
Attractive, Shorter than 6 feet
College educated,
Gay Black
or Black Gay Men
{depending upon which underfunded sociopolitical bed one rest most recently}

I must say that this is really not like you
so hastily to have provided me the space you wanted with such vengeance
We have given each other a point to counter
I gave you outlandish gutsy emotional shows of which you could balk
You never ceased reciting heartless rules in a contemptible chilling manner
as was necessary appear efficient and responsible
Knowing the entire time my stomach boiled with every blessed participle and prepositional phrase.
Your love of legality made me crave frivolity
Because it would destroy you and your law, I'd hoped

We both did more battling against mundane mediocrity than, each other
There is no rush in our trodden community for likes of You and I
Slinging philosophies, hurdling whole systemic mythological cultural beliefs as far as we could mentally throw them and then watching the institutions shake a little.
From me having an ancient ritual outside or
You taking on the entire Board of Trustees inside

My lovely Brutus,
we had to start without you
but your absence has been noticed by the Queen.

I had started to move into ceremony
Dress for the announcement of my arrival
when I missed the Serpent in this Garden
I missed the Lion prowling the outskirts of the watering hole
There is a last biting chill to Winter and a last smoldering afternoon of Summer
You were not here to provide either.

Most unfortunate for us both,
I am to understand our relationship has been destroyed
just as if it were love instead of the alternative

I am to understand, dear James, that you are dead.

CRAIG HICKMAN

DELIVERANCE

FOR JEFFREY DAHMER

I don't know why, but I'm feeling so sad.
I long to try something I've never had.
Never had no kissin' , oh what I been missin'
Loverman , oh where can you be?

That's their sang to me
when they stared into mine.
All those young , colored faggots
wore their lonlinesss as
a wreaking putrid odor ,
and I breathed it in ,
let it tingle in my nostrils ,
let it ignite the fires in my blood.

I was chosen to offer them
the thing they never had.

Now ,
Newsweek ,
Time , and Inside edition ,
and every newspaper across
this forsaken land features my face ,
and they tell the tale that
I'm the Devil himself.
But the Devil would have never
been as kind as I was.

I called my attorney a fool
for playing that plea of insanity ,
knowing any number of jurors in
their right minds
could ever believe me
insane

I knew exactly what I was doing.

No one thought Abraham
insane
for preparing to carve up his son
and offer him a brunt ,

a burnt! Sacrifice ,
claiming
the voice of God
ordered him so.

Well
I had my voice ,
and it was much more
powerful than God's

All my Isaacs
came to me
willing ,
needing ,
begging to be delivered
from their empty lives .

It was in their eyes ,
          their eyes ,
        their eyes---
full of an abject fear
like a child who had been beaten ,
waiting only to be beaten again .

In the bars
on the abandoned parking lots ,
in the bushes ,
on the streets ,
in the bathhouses ,
they came ,
one after another , after another.

I was chosen to offer them
the thing they never had.

I stroked their fragile egos
with the kindest of words .
I promised them a night
to remember .
They succumbed
to my nurturing offers.

In the silence of my room ,
I made them feel safe .
I laced their drinks with a

touch of bitterness so
they could look deeper ,
deeper into me and see
my true calling .
I made them
call out to me .
As their diminishing voices cried
Jeffrey! over and aver , *Jeffrey!*
I came as I slit their throats
with my blunt tip scalpel ,
carefully carving their bodies
like an inspired artist .

I wanted their flesh
to become my flesh ,
so I ate their meat raw .
I bathed in their blood .
I Bathed in their blood .
I bathed in their blood .
I was baptized in their blood .
I needed to preserve their bodies'
most beautiful parts ,
so I stored them
in my refrigerator ,
under my bed ,
in my closets ,
I took pictures ,
a constant reminder
of the great work I created

I could have never have burned them.

No one came looking .
No one.
Who
wants
a colored faggot?

Now,
rotting in this frigid,
ice-box cell, I'm the lamb
who sacrificed his life
for their freedom from
want, from
AIDS, from

rejection, from
neglect, from
fear, from
loneliness---
the ultimate
deliverance.

Yes,
it was me,
the father they never had.

I did it.

I did it all.

I did them all

a favor.

Like a Sailor

Tony Daniels, July 1996

V1- Fuck me hard
Fuck me slow

V2- Fuck me with my head pressed down firmly to the floor
Ass raised high in the moist night air
Meeting your thrust
Stroke for stroke

V3- Fuck this, fuck that
V2- Don't fucking bother me
V1- And don't fucking try todo me

V2- You get on my fucking nerves
V1- You can kiss my fucking ass
and lick my fucking pussy
V3- and get a fucking LIFE

V2 Fuck me fast
V1 Fuck me silly
V3- Just please, fuck me often
with some serious rhythm.
V2- a hump in your back
V1 and a fucked up contorted grin

V3- Fuck me now, fuck me later
V2 Don't make me fucking wait
V3- And don't Fucking even fucking mention no Fucking damned headache
V3- I want you to fucking call me names

V1/2 Bad fucking names

V3- I want you to fuck me like a sailor
V2- With my pants just above my knees
V1- Begging and sayin' please

All skate Fuck me rough.

PSYCHOSIS #2: "JUDGE NOT, THAT YE NOT BE JUDGED" (MATTHEW 7:1)

I. HE SITS, TEARS SLOWLY DRIPPING DOWN HIS FACE IN THE DESERTED CHURCH, PEERING DOWN AT THE NEARLY NAKED BODY OF JESUS. ASHAMED BECAUSE HE IS AROUSED BY THE BODY OF CHRIST HANGING FROM THE CROSS.

HE DOESN'T STOP TO CONSIDER THAT ALL NEARLY-NAKED PEOPLE, MALE AND FEMALE, AROUSE HIM. ESPECIALLY THE ONES IN THE UNDERWEAR SECTION OF THE SEARS AND JC PENNY'S CATALOG WHICH HIS MOTHER HAS FORBIDDEN HIM TO TOUCH UNLESS SHE'S IN THE ROOM. BUT IT IS THE MEN IN THE PAGES OF THE CATALOG THAT ARE THE SOURCE OF HIS FANTASIES

HAVING A GOOD GUT WRENCHING CRY, HE DOESN'T HEAR THE CHARACTERISTIC SHUFFLE OF THE ONCE VERY HANDSOME, BUT NOW AGING PREACHER APPROACHING. THE FAMILIAR SOUNDS OF THE PREACHER'S FOOTSTEPS AGAINST THE HARDWOOD FLOORS REACH HIS EARS BUT NEVER REGISTER IN HIS HEAD. A FIRM HAND GRIPS HIS SHOULDER. HE LOOKS UP INTO THE HUGE, DEEP BROWN EYES OF THE PREACHER; THERE HIS PAIN IS REFLECTED.

REACHING INTO HIS INSIDE JACKET POCKET, THE PREACHER REMOVES 2 NEATLY FOLDED CRISPLY PRESSED COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS. ONE HE GIVES TO HIS DISTRAUGHT PARISHIONER, THE OTHER HE USES TO WIPE AWAY THE HUGE BEADS OF SWEAT COVERING HIS FOREHEAD. AS HE BEGINS TO WIPE HIS FACE, HIS SOBS BEGIN TO CEASE. WITH HIS HEAD BOWED, HE NOTICES THE PREACHER'S SIZE 13'S; SUDDENLY THE BOY IS CAPTURED BY A CLICHE:

II: BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT . . .

I. BACK INTO THE GRIPS OF FEAR, HORRIFIED BY HIS OWN DESIRES, THE SMELL OF FORMALDEHYDE PUSHES HIM FURTHER, FURTHER INTO GRIPS OF LUST AND THE ARMS OF THE PREACHER. HE CONFESSES THROUGH TEARS TO THE PREACHER THE SOURCE OF HIS ANGUISH:

II. HELP ME PREACHER. I KEEP THINKING BOUT MEN IN WAYS THAT AIN'T NATURAL AND I KNOW ITS WRONG, CAN'T BE RIGHT, CAN IT PREACHER? HELP ME I'M WEAK.

I. THE PREACHER STANDS THERE WITH BOTH HANDS PLACED FIRMLY ON THE BOY'S SHOULDERS.

III. MY CHILD, MY CHILD, DO NOT BE TROUBLED BY THESE THOUGHTS. THE LORD HOLDS YOU IN HIS ARMS ALWAYS . . .

I. . . . PULLING THE BOY CLOSE TO HIM IN A WARM EMBRACE. LOOKING UP INTO THE BIG, DEEP BROWN EYES . . .

II. WHAT MUST I DO PREACHER?

I. THE PREACHER RELEASES HIM FROM HIS EMBRACE, WALKING OFF TOWARDS HIS STUDY. HE STOPS IN THE AISLE, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE BOY AND HIS SMALL OFFICE. HE BEGINS HIS SERMON . . .

III. COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS JUST NOW, JUST NOW,
III/II. COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW . . .

I. THE PREACHER EXTENDS HIS HAND, BECKONING THE BOY TO JOIN HIM IN THE TINY OFFICE. HIS HAND EXTENDS THROUGH THE BOY'S CHEST, CARESSING HIS HEART. THE BLOOD PUMPS FASTER AND FASTER, IT BEATS LOUDER AND LOUDER, UNTIL IT IS THE ONLY SOUND HE HEARS. WALKING TOWARDS THE PREACHER, BEING DRAWN IN, CLOSER, CLOSER, HE KEEPS MOVING TOWARDS HIM. HIS FACE IS ON FIRE, HIS BODY IS AFLAME AND HE KEEPS MOVING, MOVING, FOLLOWING THE VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

THE PREACHER LEAVES THE DOOR OPEN; INSTINCTIVELY THE BOY CLOSES IT AS HE ENTERS THE TINY OFFICE. HE STANDS FACING THE PREACHER, WHO IS SITTING IN AN OLD WOODEN OFFICE CHAIR. THE CHAIR IS TURNED SIDEWAYS SO THAT THEIR EYES MEET EVENLY.

III. FOLLOW ME, AND I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN, THUS SAID THE LORD. YOU ARE A YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU NOT?

II. YES PREACHER.

III. AND THE LORD HATH MADE ME THE FISHER OF MEN. I CAST OUT MY NET INTO THE SEA OF DESPAIR, AND YOUR SPIRIT I HAVE CAUGHT. WORRY NOT.

II. YES PREACHER.

III. BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED. YOU HAVE BEEN MOURNING, HAVE YOU NOT MY CHILD?

II. YES PREACHER.

III. AND I SHALL COMFORT YOU.

III. ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, JUST NOW, JUST NOW
III/II. ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, JUST NOW, JUST NOW

I. HE LOOSENS THE BELT THAT HOLDS THE OVERSIZED JEANS WELL BELOW THE BOY'S WAIST. HIS PANTS HIT THE FLOOR WITH A LOUD THUD CAUSED BY THE LARGE BRASS BUCKLE ON HIS BELT. HE PULLS HIS BOXERS DOWN SLOWLY, WITH NERVOUS, NERVOUS ANTICIPATION. HE WIPES HIS FOREHEAD, SWEAT POURING PROFUSELY FROM HIS BROW, NOT ABLE TO CONTAIN HIS UTTER DELIGHT AT THE SIZE OF THE FLESH THAT SWINGS GINGERLY BETWEEN THE BOY'S LEGS.

III. THANK YOU, THANK YOU, FATHER! BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED.

I. HE TAKES THE BOY'S DICK INTO HIS MOUTH, HIS NOSTRILS FILLED WITH THE SWEET SMELL OF PRE-CUM, HIS THROAT FILLED WITH FLESH. HE WORSHIPS THE YOUNG, TENDER FLESH FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, DRUNK WITH LUST AND UNAWARE OF TIME. BUT IS ONLY MINUTES BEFORE THE BOY IS SHOOTING HIS FIRST LOAD DOWN THE PREACHERS THROAT. HE GRABS THE BOY'S BUNS PULLING HIM IN FURTHER. THE BOY SCREAMS!

II. YES, YES, THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD I SHALL NOT WANT! I SHALL NOT WANT! MY CUP, MY CUP, MY CUP, RUNNETH OVER . . .

I. HE SWALLOWS WILDLY TRYING TO AVOID CHOKING OR BEING STRANGLED BY THE BOY'S ERRATIC AND VIOLENT REACTION TO THIS NEW SENSATION. THE PREACHER TURNS THE BOY AROUND, FALLING FROM HIS CHAIR ON HIS KNEES TO PRAY AT THIS ALTAR THAT IS THE BOY'S BODY. HE PULLS THE BOY'S SHIRT UP TO GET A FULL VIEW OF HIS WELL-MUSCLED ASS CHEEKS. THE BOY SHOWS HIS GRATITUDE AND EXCITEMENT BY GRABBING THE SHIRT HALFWAY UP HIS BACK AND SNATCHING IT OFF. BEFORE HE CAN GET THE SHIRT COMPLETELY OVER HIS HEAD HE FEELS THE WARM SENSATION OF THE PREACHERS TONGUE SLIP UP HIS ASS AS HANDS PULL HIS CHEEKS APART. THE ONLY WORD THAT DOES NOT LEAVE HIS LIPS IS "STOP." AS THE SHIRT IS DISCARDED, THE PREACHER CONTINUES HIS PRAYER BETWEEN THE BOY'S ASS, WORSHIPPING WITH VIGOR, PRESSING HIS FACE DEEPER INTO THE VOLCANIC INSIDES OF THE BOY'S BODY, MASSAGING HIS ANAL WALLS WITH AS MUCH OF HIS TONGUE AS THE BOY'S *NEARLY* VIRGIN ASS WILL ALLOW IN. THE BOY'S BODY RACKS WITH CONVULSIONS AS HE COMES VIOLENTLY FOR THE SECOND TIME. THE PREACHER FALLS ON THE FLOOR AND CRAWLS BETWEEN THE BOY'S LEGS, LYING ON HIS BACK, OFFERING HIMSELF LIKE A SACRIFICE.

III. CUM TO JESUS, CUM TO JESUS, CUM TO JESUS, SHOWER ME WITH BLESSINGS, YES, YES MY CHILD. RAIN DOWN ON ME.

I. A STEADY, HEAVY, STREAM OF HOT CUM BATHES THE HAIRY CHEST OF THE NOW NEARLY NUDE PREACHER. HE RUBS IT INTO HIS UNDERARMS, THE SHINY DOME OF HIS HEAD, THE WOOLLY RUG ON HIS CHEST. AND FINALLY, HE REACHES DOWN AND UNZIPS HIS PANTS AND MASSAGES THE SHAFT OF HIS PENIS WITH ONE HAND WHILE PINCHING

II. I PUT MY TRUST IN YOU.

I. HIS EYES MEET THE PREACHER'S WITH DEFIANCE.

III. HEAR MY PRAYER O GOD; GIVE EAR TO THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

II. I WAS WEARY, WANT AND IN NEED OF REST, YOU LET ME LAY MY HEAD UPON YOUR BREAST. I AM YOURS, FOR NOW AND UNTIL THEN.

III. BLESS YOU MY CHILD, I MEANT YOU NO HARM.

II. YET YOU GAVE ME RELEASE FROM MY PAIN FOR YOUR OWN SATISFACTION AND MOCKED MINE.

III. FORGIVE ME MY CHILD, FOR I HAVE SINNED.

II. TELL ME PREACHER:

II/III. IF YOU HAD SHOWERED ME WITH YOUR BLOOD INSTEAD OF YOUR SEED,

I. WOULD WE BE FREE OF OUR SINS THEN?

IN THE LIFE ATLANTA
BLACK GAY PRIDE CELEBRATION
LABOR DAY WKEND AUG29-SEPT 02 1996
CULTURAL ARTS FESTIVAL @ SAT. AUG 31
THE GAY &LESBIAN VISITORS CENTER @CENTER STAGE

WE WEAR THE MASK	PAUL LAWERENCE DUNBAR	THE MUSE
I HAVE COME INTO THE CITY	SONJA SANCHEZ/SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK	THE MUSE
AND CAIN KILLED ABEL	TONY DANIELS	THE MUSE
PRAYER TO HER	DUNCAN TEAGUE	DUNCAN
SERENADE	KING TURGO BASTIEN/TONY DANIELS	TONY
ME AND MRS. JONES	TONY DANIELS	TONY
WHAT OF BACH	DUNCAN TEAGUE	DUNCAN
HONESTLY	TONY DANIELS	TONY
SELF POTRAIT	TONY DANIELS	TONY

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HONESTLY	TONY DANIELS	TONY
SELF POTRAIT	TONY DANIELS	TONY

Paul Laurence Dunbar

……

WE WEAR THE MASK

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes, —
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
  We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
  We wear the mask.

this fight for our life
we need your hurricane voices
we need your sacred hands

i say, come, sister, brother to the battlefield
come into the rain forests
come into the 'hood, come into the barrios
come into the schools, come into the abortion clinics
come into the prisons, come caress our spines

i say, come, wrap, your feet around justice
i say, come, wrap, your tongues around truth
i say, come, wrap your hands with deeds and prayers
you brown ones, you yellow ones,
you black ones, you gay ones, you white ones,
you lesbian ones

Come come come come come to this battlefield
called life, called life, called life....

AND CAIN KILLED ABEL

IT HAS NOW BECOME A NECESSITY
TO LOOK FAR BEYOND THE HORIZON
WE MUST LISTEN TO VISIONS
WHAT STRETCH FURTHER THE EYE WILL SEE
JUST A GLIMPSE BEYOND DEATH
CAN HELP US TO SLAY AGE OLD DEMONS
BEAST WHO HAVE ROAMED IN OUR MIDST
AND GONE UNMENTIONED --------*SILENCE*

DRAWN TO NEED WE FACE EACH OTHER WARILY
LIKE EMBERS IN A FIRE
BURNING BRIGHTLY
ATOP A HILLSIDE

KISSING THE FACE OF THE FIRST BROTHER WE ENCOUNTER
PULLING THE FLESH FROM THE OTHERS ARM AS WE PART
STANDING STILL UNDER MOONLIGHT AND HUMID SKIES

SAY A PRAYER FOR ME TONIGHT
PRAY FOR ANGER TO IGNITE US
I'LL NEAL AT THE ALTAR OF OUR ANCESTORS
ASK THEM TO GUIDE US

DON'T CLOSE YOUR EYES, LOOK INTO MINE
WE CAN FIND COMFORT IN OUR REFLECTIONS

SAY A PRAYER FOR ME TONIGHT
PRAY FOR RAGE TO EMPOWER US
I'LL DRAW UPON THE STRENGTH OF MOTHERS
THEIR BREASTS FULL WITH THE MILK OF KNOWLEDGE

SUCKLE WITH THE INTENT TO SUCCEED

THINK NOT OF FAILURE
NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON A BROTHER
UNLESS YOU'RE SURE YOU CAN WALK AWAY

UNITED WE ARE THE MOST FORMIDABLE FORCE ON EARTH
THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN'T DO

TONY DANIELS

ME AND MRS. JONES (CREEPIN)

SHE CAME IN THE DOOR SLOWLY,SEDUCTIVELY
AS IF SHE NEEDED TO EVEN TRY IT WITH ME
MRS. JONES WAS MY LAST FALL FROM GRACE
SHE WAS MY LAST TEMPTATION
IMAGINE WHAT ITS LIKE,
MAKING LOVE TO A
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN
A WOMAN WHO KNOWS WHAT BEING FEMALE IS ALL ABOUT
A WOMAN WITH CURVES IN THE MOST SINFUL OF PLACES
SHE REMOVED HER STOCKINGS ONE-AT-A-TIME
RIGHT LEGG THROWN OVER LEFT SHOULDER
LOONNGG DEEP MOUND OF FRAGRANT PUSSY HAIRS TICKLE MY NOSE
IMAGINE WHAT ITS LIKE,
MAKING LOVE TO A
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN
A WOMAN WHOS PROMISED TO ANOTHER
A WOMAN WHOS MADE YOU FORSAKE ALL OTHERS
FORBITTEN FRUIT TASTED
SUSTANCE FOR A SUCIDAL SOUL
SHE LOWERS HER TENDER,HUNGRY FLESH ONTO MY FACE
MY TOUNGE DIGS DEEP INTO THE PULP OF HER MANGO
TWAT IS THE FLAVOUR THAT I SAVOUR
IMAGINE WHAT ITS LIKE,
MAKING LOVE TO A
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN
SHE GOT INTO A CRAWL SPACE BETWEEN REALITY AND FANTASY;
SHE FLOODED THE PASSAGEWAYS OF MY COUNSCIOUSNESS WITH HER PRESENCE
IMAGINE WHAT ITS LIKE ,
MAKING LOVE TO A
BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN

What of Bach

Listen to sonata.
The white man on the radio
Explains Bach.
I cry for my loving friend.
He cries behind the mountain.
The son of his loins cries alone.
loin tampered with,
precious drops fall,
Cancer.
Where I long to live,
In the lap of his love
The white radio-Bach-man
says "...all interpret his genius."
Can Bach cure cancer?
Make us whole
Sonata rises

The radio sounds blur
past the nightfall.
The telephone is insufficient
so waiting tearful to see
The scar of musical incisions.

"All interpret his genius."
I read the music
between the telephone lines.
Sad, choppy, sick music
I hate Bach.
I hate that radio man's voice.
He never gets sick.

Help sonata get up.
Will Beethoven or Chopin
bring a cure.
No, Bach must be the answer.
I'll cry through this movement.
Pray to a music God get in the next...
Lead the clapping at the end,
Only after the end of the piece.
Loud rhythmic clapping.

How I Got Over		
How I Got Over,	Song by AM	
Outline		
Slavery Fable	Moi	
Harriet Tubman	MW	Mention
Sojourner Truth	MW	Tribute
	MW	Transition
G. Washington Carver MW	1860-	
So We Be Free – TONY DANIELS		
Harlem Renaissaince		
Langston Hughes	DT	Reading
Zora Neal Hurston	MW	
R. Bruce Nugent	TD	MENTION
HERITAGE Countee Cullen	MW	READING
Bessie Smith	DT	Song/Tribute
~~Alberta Hunter~~	~~TD~~	
Post WWII DUNCAN		
James Baldwin	DT	Reading
Lorraine Hansberry	MW	Mention
Ethel Waters	DT	Song
[redacted]	[redacted]	[redacted]
Moms Mabley	DT	Joke TIM
Bayard Rustin	TD	~~Mention~~ Reading
Mable Hampton	TD	Mention
Modern (Deceased) MALIK		
Audre Lourde,	TD	EROTICA
Pat Parker	TD	MENTION
~~Assotto Saint~~, Essex	AM	
Hemphill, Marlon	DT	
Riggs, Joseph Beam,		
Tre Johnson		
Sylvester	DT	Song YOU MAKE ME FEEL MIGHTY REAL
Modern (Living)		
Jocelyn Taylor	TD	MENTION
Sabrina Sojourner	MW	Mention
Blackberri	TD	Mention
Bishop C. Bean	TD	MENTION
Men of Other Countries ASSOTTO	TD	Reading
~~[illegible]~~	~~DT~~	~~Reading~~
June Jordan	TD	
Craig Hickman	MW	
PomoAfro Homos	AM	SPIRIT

The Fable – DUNCAN
MY POEM – TONY
HOW I GOT OVER – AM
INTRO – AM
UPRISING – AM

HARLEM RENAISSAINCE ✓

BRING MY
BROTHER
TO BROTHER

RICHARD BRUCE NUGENT

Richard Bruce Nugent's "Smoke, Lillies and Jade!" (1926) was the scandal of the Harlem Renaissance, an impressionistic celebration of androgyny, homosexuality, and drugs. Nugent's Greenwich Village protagonist, Beauty, was a composite of Rudolf Valentino, the artist Miguel Covarrubias, Countee Cullen's male lover Harold Jackman, and Langston Hughes. Du Bois had warned that the diminishing of cultural propaganda in the service of artistic beauty would "turn the Negro renaissance into decadence." Nugent's piece was widely regarded as the quintessential confirmation of that prediction.

SMOKE, LILLIES AND JADE!

He wanted to do something . . . to write or draw . . . or something . . . but it was so comfortable to lay there on the bed . . . his shoes off . . . and think . . . think of everything . . . short disconnected thoughts to wonder . . . to remember . . . to think and smoke . . . why wasn't he worried that he had no money . . . he had five cents . . . but he had been hungry . . . he was hungry and still . . . all he wanted to do was . . . lay there comfortably smoking . . . think . . . wishing he were writing . . . or drawing . . . or something . . . something about the things he felt and thought . . . but what did he think . . . he remembered how his mother had awakened him one night . . . ages ago . . . six years ago . . . Alex . . . he had always wondered at the strangeness of it . . . she had seemed so . . . so . . . so just the same . . . Alex . . . I think your father is dead

DARKNESS DEFINED

WE STOOD ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF
HIGH IN THE HILLS OF DESOLATIONS
LOOKING DOWN INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE
WHERE THE BEAST STOOD /EYES FOCUSED AHEAD
THICK SULFUROUS WINDS ROSE HIGH IN THE MIDNIGHT SKY
BODIES BATTERED, WEAK, WORN, AND DISEASE STRICKEN
TREMBLED IN THE CURRENT OF SUCH FOUL BREEZES
WE BEGAN TO DESCEND MINDLESSLY TOWARDS THE LAKE
OUR CHILDREN CRIED OUT IN AGONY AND PAIN
THERE BOTTLES FILLED WITH CRACK / NO TRACES OF SIMIAC
TO NOURISH THEIR BLOATED, LOVE STARVED EXISTENCES
THE ELDERS AWAIT OUR ARRIVAL NEAR THE BANKS OF THE LAKE
THEY HAVE COME TO TRY AND STOP THE INEVITABLE
AS WE STEP INTO THE CORROSIVE WATERS OF THE LAKE
VILE MASSES OF PUTRID SUBSTANCES SPEW FROM OUR MOUTHS
SOULS IN ONE HAND / CHILDREN IN THE OTHER
FORSAKING LIFE RECKLESSLY / WE SURRENDER
WITHOUT A FIGHT TO THE NEW WORLD ORDER
HAVING NO REAL VALUE LEFT / SOULLESS/ CHILDLESS
CHAOS PITS BROTHER AGAINST/ BROTHER/ SISTER AGAINST / SISTER
THE FLAMES RAGE HIGH , BURN DEEP SEARING FLESH
MINDS, CONSCIENCE/SUBCONSCIOUS
SINKING, ONE / ALL INTO DARKNESS
THEY WATCH AS THE END IS BORN /TIME EVAPORATES
THE STEAM OF ITS UNRAVELING PIERCES HOLES IN
VISIONS OF HOPE
THE BEAST SMILED
THEY TURN TO WANDER
TO WAIT ON A SIGN
THEY TURN TO WANDER
TO WAIT ON THE DARKNESS TO SUBSIDE

TONY DANIELS 1/95
AFROBEATS

BAYARD RUSTIN

WELL KEPT SECRET

SECRETLY WE HAVE A PASSION FOR DESTRUCTION
OUR ARMS OPEN WIDE TO WELCOME DEATH
OUR HEARTS QUIETLY GREET SUFFERING LONGINGLY
IT IS AS IF WE HAVEN'T THE KNOWLEDGE OR MEMORY OF A
HIGHER OF EXISTENCE
CHOOSING INSTEAD TO SLOWLY POISON OURSELVES
POISON THESE VERY MINDS OUR ANCESTORS FOUGHT TO
KEEP THE WHITE MAN FROM SHACKLING
POISON THESE BODIES THAT MADE US SO VALUABLE
STRONG AND STOUT LEAN AND ENDURING
SECRETLY WE HAVE A PASSION FOR DESTRUCTION
OUR LEGS OPEN WIDE TO RECEIVE DEATHS OFFERINGS

TONY DANIELS@9/94

(1906 - 1987)

Bayard's role in the civil rights movement and involvement with the organizing of the 1963 March on Washington make him one of the most powerful African-American Gay men in history

So We BE FREE

1917 – 1935

The Harlem Renaissance was a somewhat forced phenomenon, a cultural nationalism, institutionally encouraged and directed by leaders of the National civil Rights ~~movement~~ ESTABLISHMENT for the paramount purpose of improving race relations in a time of extreme national backlash, caused in large part by economic gains won by Afro-Americans during the Great War.

W.E.B DUBOIS labled the elite group as the "Talented Tenth" in a 1903 essay so titled. The Talented Tenth formulated and propagated a new ideology "The Black Bourgeois dentist, doctors, lawyers, educators, preachers businesspeople, and morticians - well educated professionals - this was only 0.1 percent of the racial total - that jump started the New Negro Arts Movement backed by the NAACP, NUL and their perspective publications - The Crisis and Opportunity magazine

I felt your shock when great kings of Africa
sold you to men with pale skins
Felt your bewilderment when the white men
snatched even more of you from the black
sand beaches of your homeland
I heard your cries of anguish when they
packed you into slave ships tighter than
sardines in cans
I saw your bodies ,deteriorate become
weakened from lack of movement , confined
to such cramped and unsanitary quarters
No room to fight , no place to hide , nowhere
to run
I saw through the thick night air..Africa sweet
motherland... saw your lips mouth the words
I could ride the winds of your prayers to that
place where the great Yourba Gods rest
eternal....My sisters LOVERS, my brothers, I feel your
pain... I , I feel your need for freedom
Put ashore on foreign lands , and the terror
begins anew
Journey over , you're herded like cattle ,

packed and prodded like pigs ,confused and
disoriented , your master whips makes your
decisions , you move swiftly searching for
your dignity
Placed on auction blocks , Sold! To the
highest bidder. Shackled! I feel your pain....
Sold! Like livestock for slaughter , Sold!

I Have Come Into The City

Sonya Sanchez

i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
amid rumors of death
calling out to everyone who would listen
it is time to move us all into another century
time for freedom and racial and sexual
justice
time for women and children and men , time
for hands unbound
i had come into the city wearing peaceful breast
and the spaces between us smiled ,
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes

and they followed us in their cars with their computers
and their tongues crawled with caterpillars
and they bumped us off the road, turned over our cars,
and they bombed our buildings killed our babies,
and they slaughtered our doctors
maintaining our bodies
and their courts changed into confessionals
but we kept on organizing we kept on
teaching believing
loving doing what was holy moving to a
higher ground
even though our hands were full of
slaughtered truth
but we had our eyes delirious with grace
but we had our eyes delirious with grace

come, i say come, you sitting still in domestic bacteria
come, i say come, you standing still in double
breasted mornings
come, i say come, and return to the fight
this fight for the earth
this fight for our children

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this fight for our life
we need your hurricane voices
we need your sacred hands

i say, come, sister, brother to the battlefield
come into the rain forests
come into the 'hood, come into the barrios
come into the schools, come into the abortion clinics
come into the prisons, come caress our spines

i say, come, wrap, your feet around justice
i say, come, wrap, your tongues around truth
i say, come, wrap your hands with deeds and prayers
you brown ones, you yellow ones,
you black ones, you gay ones, you white ones,
you lesbian ones

Come come come come come to this battlefield
called life, called life, called life....

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AUDRE LORDE

ROOM WITH A VIEW

AS MY EYES CLOSE
MY OTHER SENSES COMPENSATE
I CAN SMELL THE WETNESS
THAT BUILDS BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS
THE SWEAT SLOWLY DRIPPING
DOWN THE SIDE OF YOUR TORSO
SOAKING THE LACE OF YOUR PANTIES
I OPEN MY MOUTH, AND THE SCENT TRAIL YOU LEAVE
AS YOU BEGAN TO EXIT THE ROOM
CAUSES MY KNEES TO GIVE IN
I FALL FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS
ONLY TO LAND SAFELY IN YOUR ARMS

TONY DANIELS@3/96

SECTION #1

- BAD LIQUOR - Duncan
- [illegible] HOME EARLY " Duncan
- SURVIVAL NOTES from Collage " → Malik

* * *

- CLOSE MY EYES Tony
- EROTICA #1
- UNTITLED - Malik

- INTIMATE SPACES
  ↳ Duncan, then Tony, then Malik

SECTION #1

BAD LIQUOR
EROTIC HAIKU Duncan
SURVIVAL NOTES..

CLOSE MY EYES ... Tony
EROTICA # 1

UNTITLED Malik

INTIMATE SPACES
Duncan, then
Malik, then
Tony

Tomy ✓

IN FIELDS OF COLOR

WHEN@ LAST I LAY DOWN
AND I AM NO MORE
I CAN TAKE WITH ME
THE MEMORY OF A LOVE I HAVE

WHEN THE ASHES OF MY REMAINS
ARE SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS
THE NEWS OF THIS LOVE I SHARED
WILL COVER THE LAND

I WILL BLOOM IN FIELDS OF PURPLE
RED, GOLD, AND GREEN
WILD LIKE THE FLOWER I AM
IN FULL BLOOM

AND I SHALL HAVE LIVED;
AND DIED AND THIS LOVE WILL LIVE ON

KARL

Like watermelons
South Georgia Peaches from the GROUND
The smell of spring RAIN
& Wildflowers
& licorice & CINNAMON
and of coarse Brown

You need to come take a sip of this
~~I'm a gonna be your bourbon~~
Bourbon in a hard ~~shot~~ lowball glass
No mixer
Just the warm amber brown smooth strong aroma
of booze Circling melting cubes ~~of ice~~
* Slipping over your fully lips past your teeth on to your waiting tongue
Warmer
Sweeter
but biting, Biting back ~~at your throat~~
Sneaking up your nose, rising mist of drunkness
Grabbing your common sense and playing with it
~~Sending a~~ Shutter of electric nerves down your mile long arms
* Put the dew covered glass up to your mouth - Drink me up
(*) Taste me
Let my high take us both up and over and dip us
Over and back
Laugh ~~Make~~ that stupid laugh as I enter your body - swirling along your thigh
Tangy liquor resting in your blood
Moving you stumbling around the room
with me all over you - all in ya
Making you cocky and loud, funny then mean,
preachy then stupid, Whispering and mumbling nasty stuff
All cause I'm in you like good liquor
doing you
and all the while you doing me too

(*) Let that little bit drooling out your mouth mix with your spit ~~and~~ fall down your
slack chin, fall slide on chest hide in the clift of your pecs

drybble ~~fall~~ slowly down your gut ~~to~~ until it reaches your hairy Boot.

~~You can~~ Be a ole sloppy drunk, ~~with me~~. Let me spill all in your bush

Arching back up ~~to the~~
Head swaying
Legs straddling, quaking
"Ride on a roller coaster, Baby Baby
"Ride on it, Ride out it"
As my decadently head lowers ~~bobs~~ ~~down~~ on to your sweat-soaked chest
Click a key in the lock
Face without
A needle scratching ~~a good~~ my favorite l.p.

Why home now
Strange Car in the drive
Lover's Clothes on the Kitchen floor
Excuses at warp speed
Oh God
Size ten penny loafers w/out tassles on hallway pine floors
Near the execution chamber

Lunch date wilts and dashes
Steps slow stop
Lie still and ~~st~~ think.
Thinking like Newton, like Carver on Peanuts

Duncan Teag
206 Flora Ave. N. E., Atl. GA 303

Survival Notes from College (#1)

I'm not alone **NOW**
After being interrupted at lunch
Followed to my room
Seduced primeatively, vigorously
  and left *Smiling*
Too quick to ask or to answer

So, I'm not alone **Now!**

Prayer to Her (2)

Just as the Moon, She brings the blue water to the shore
Bring tides of Peace too my soul
Love, If you bring stars to the blacksea nights?
Bring joy, *tingling joy* to my heart
Sunrae, You, who burn the beach, dries the sugar sand
Fire the coals that lie deep in my breast
As You Nameless Timeless Womyn who keep us searching
through the endless, landless wake
for the little Sisters of Truthes
Lead me down the beach till we reach the place where the waaters
begin again

UNTITLED

Whenever you're ready to have me ▒ let me know.

That statement and its effect on both of us;
I having removed all bullshit from the situation by
having the audacity (or desperation)
to put it out ▒ just the way I felt.

Removed the games and manipulation
the lies and half-truths
the innuendoes.

When you get hungry I'm dinner.
No strings attached.
No negotiation for position (top or bottom).
No need for discussion about when ▒ where.

You never respond with more than a smile
thinking my directness a sign
of low self-esteem, promiscuity,
or the usual catty queen.

Your ego, nonetheless, stroked
with each new declaration of desire,
as is your libido.

It shows on your face
when you become erect
your sphincter tightens.

When you've played enough call me.
I'll show you how to handle business.

Tony Daniels
2-28-97

"INTIMATE SPACES"

WE ARE ABOUT TO OPEN UP(ENTER), SOME "INTIMATE SPACES". SOME VERY PRIVATE THOUGHTS,A FEW PERSONAL DETAILS OF OUR LIVES.
HOPEFULLY OUR EXPERIENCES WILL BE VERY FAMILIAR TO YOU,ENTICING YOU TO GET COZY,TO RELAX,TO GO DEEP WITHIN TO YOUR INNERMOST FEELINGS,SO THAT WE MAY ARRIVE AT THE SAME GATEWAY IN AS MANY DIFFERENT PLACES IN THE UNVERSE AS OUR MEMORIES,FANTASIES, PAST LIVES,AND OR, EXPERIENCES WILL ALLOW US ACCESS.

"INTIMATE SPACES"

IN
BEDROOMS
CONFERENCES
BACKROOMS
BARS
AND
CLOSETS

TONY

Alleyways
[illegible]
bell towers
basements
the back seat of cars

ON
PORCHES
AND DECKS
LINEAUS
AND
TERRACES

DUNCAN

IN
LIVING ROOMS
DINNING ROOMS
DENS
AND
KITCHENS

MALIK

ON
VACATIONS
AND BUISNESS
TRIPS
RETREATS
AND SABATICALS

TONY ←

balconies
top of buildings
top of tables
and in the confines
of ones mind

AT
THE
THEATRE
AND
CONCERTS
OR THE
OPERA

DUNCAN

✓ ~~1. SUMMER LUST POEM#1 (DAVID WARREN FRECHETTE/pg119-HERE TO DARE: 10 BLACK GAY POETS)~~

~~THE MUSE~~

~~2. I WANT TO DIE WHILE YOU LOVE ME (GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON/pg 102~~

~~IN SEARCH OF COLOR EVERYWHERE: A COLLECTION OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN POETRY)~~

~~TONY~~

~~3. BABY (AHMASI/pg 217, EROTIQUE NOIRE: BLACK EROTICA)~~

~~DUNCAN~~

~~4. GET IT AND FEEL GOOD (NTOZAKE SHANGE/ pg 50, NAPPY EDGES)~~

~~THE MUSE~~

"INTIMATE SPACES"

Malik WE ARE ABOUT TO OPEN UP(ENTER), SOME "INTIMATE SPACES". SOME VERY PRIVATE THOUGHTS,A FEW PERSONAL DETAILS OF OUR LIVES.

HOPEFULLY OUR EXPERIENCES WILL BE VERY FAMILIAR TO YOU,ENTICING YOU TO GET COZY,TO RELAX,TO GO DEEP WITHIN TO YOUR INNERMOST FEELINGS,SO THAT WE MAY ARRIVE AT THE SAME GATEWAY IN AS MANY DIFFERENT PLACES IN THE UNVERSE AS OUR MEMORIES,FANTASIES, PAST LIVES,AND OR, EXPERIENCES WILL ALLOW US ACCESS.

REPEAT → "INTIMATE SPACES"

Tony
IN
BEDROOMS
CONFERENCES
BACKROOMS
BARS
AND
CLOSETS

Duncan
ON
PORCHES
AND DECKS
LINEAUS
AND
TERRACES

Malik
IN
LIVING ROOMS
DINNING ROOMS
DENS
AND
KITCHENS

Tony
ON
VACATIONS
AND BUISNESS
TRIPS
RETREATS
AND SABATICALS

Duncan
AT
THE
THEATRE
AND
CONCERTS
OR THE
OPERA

Outside, caught unawares in the
middle of a summer storm.
Downstairs, ~~hidin'~~ quiet hid in' from Mama.

Tony Duncan Malik Tony Duncan

1. SUMMER LUST POEM#1 (DAVID WARREN FRECHETTE/pg119-HERE TO DARE: 10 BLACK GAY POETS)

THE MUSE

2. I WANT TO DIE WHILE YOU LOVE ME (GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON/pg 102 IN SEARCH OF COLOR EVERYWHERE: A COLLECTION OF AFRICAN-AMERICAN POETRY)

TONY

3. BABY (AHMASI/pg 217, EROTIQUE NOIRE: BLACK EROTICA)

DUNCAN

4. GET IT AND FEEL GOOD (NTOZAKE SHANGE/ pg 50, NAPPY EDGES)

THE MUSE

SPICY

- I Wanted You . . .
- On All Fours #2 Duncan /Malik
- On All Fours #1 Tony
- Mr. Irishman - Duncan
- Am I The Only One - Malik
- I Hold Secrets

ON ALL FOURS #2

Tony Daniels

Both We lie side by side
1 You cradled in my arms
My breath gently warms the back of your neck

2 The beat of your heart is like a lulably,
filling my ears with your rhythm

1 Our bodies meld into one
Both Sleep claims us

1 A smile stretches the muscles in your face
I awaken as laytex is placed over the head of my...

2 Please, don't stop now!
1 The moon is full and you've got my attention
Should you salute ?!
2 " Don't be absurd"!

1 Finding your place in my arms again
You guide me into the warmth of your...
2 Ass I feel warm moist flesh surround me
1 I pull you closer and
Both drive in deeper and deeper,
1 harder and harder, until I'm about to..
2 Come closer, let me in just a little further
1 Yes! That's it , as you began to roll over, face inthe pillow,
I roll over on top of you
2 Rain taps violently at the windows and suddenly...

1 I'm on all fours.

for Malik

I WANTED YOU IN MY LIFE FOREVER

I WANTED YOU IN MY ASS FOREVER, IN MY LIFE
WANTED TO FEEL YOUR FLESH
TASTE YOUR FLESH, SMELL YOUR FLESH
TAKING IN ALL THOSE AROMAS EACH PART OF YOU OFFERED
I WANTED THE SWEAT FROM OUR BODIES
DRIPPING BETWEEN US
SOAKING THE SHEETS IN PATCHES WHERE WE LAID
I WANTED YOUR DICK IN MY MOUTH FOREVER, IN MY LIFE
WANTED THE FUNK OF YOUR BALLS TRAVELING TO REMOTE CORNERS OF MY BRAIN FOR STORAGE
AWAKENING A VERY PRIMAL INSTINCT FOR THE PLEASURES THESE ACTS WILL BRING US
I WANTED OUR CUM-STAINED NAKEDNESS FACING ONE ANOTHER
GRAPPLING FOR MORE AND NEVER TIRING
11/94
TONY DANIELS

AM I the ONly One

Sitting here thinking
about Fantasies I've yet to fulfill
Looking at my brothers
wondering
Am I the only one
The Revolution wont be telvized
but thats not on my mind
looking at my brothers
Lusting
Am I the only one
Elijah Muhammad
taught us
that we are Kings
but Sylvester showed us
that some are Queens
Their sexual habits
Are on my mind
Am I the only one
Bob Marley
A poet And a prophet
listening to his lyrics
I strip naked
grab my Dick
AND off it
Am I the only one
My homeless brother
on the street corner
preachin bout how Jesus saves
but I dont hear him
Cause I'm all up his ass
Am I the only one
Recalling the fine Latino
who wanted my car

with a gun to my head
No fear for my life
Please be a rapist
rang through my brain
Am I The Only One
Longing to rid social injustice
hoping for a cure
needing to help uplift the race
wandering if God
has me in the right place
Listening to Farrakhan
wanting his son
hating condoms
not wanting to wear one
Thinking about God
wanting to get off
thinking the conception with Mary
a spiritual jack-off
Am I the Only One
Sitting here thinking
about the ills of the world
but lust prevails
hating ignorance, religion, prejudice, and
political crud
wanting to fuck O.J.
In a pool of Nicoles blood
sitting here lusting
no underwear on
looking at my brothers
harder than a bone
do you, my brother
lust like me
or
Am I The Only One

Kelly Giraud-Morris

Salty
Is it Rape if You Came - The MUSE

Psychosis 2 - The MUSE
The Joy GAY Sex - The MUSE

Rim of margarita glasses
Salty in the taste
of cum
The Drip of sweat
The sound of orgasms
The look of satisfaction
That taste that lingers in your
mouth after running your
tongue up your partners ass